

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums and the Young Men's
Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church
of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



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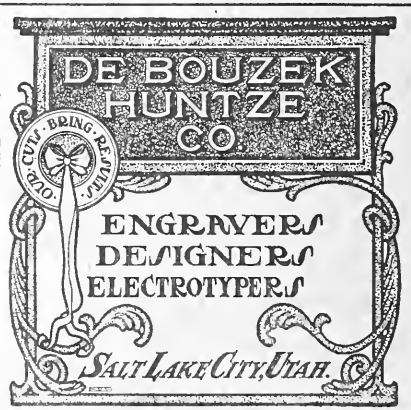
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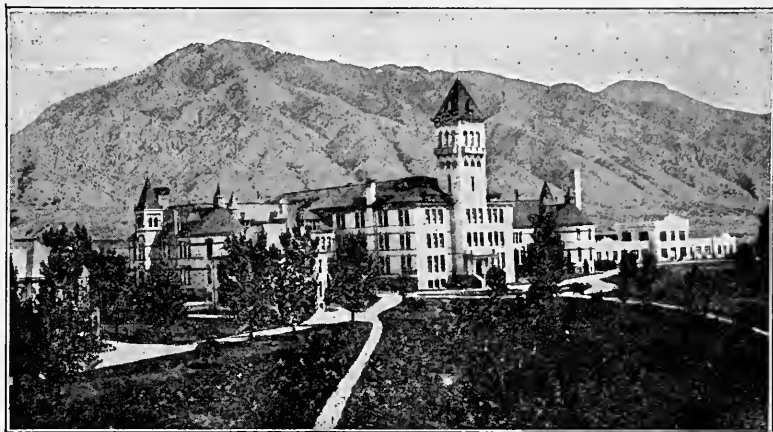
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THE SENIOR MANUAL, 128 pages, "The Making of the Man," and the Junior Manual, "Lessons in Church History," in biographical sketches, are the text books for class study in the Y. M. M. I. A. this season; 25 cents each, or free with the ERA, for \$2.00. Ask your ward president or send to General Secretary Y. M. M. I. A., 214 Templeton Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

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IMPROVEMENT ERA, OCTOBER, 1909.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
EDWARD H. ANDERSON, } Editors

HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager

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The Improvement Era

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

VOLUME XIII, 1909-10.

President Joseph F. Smith, Editor Heber J. Grant, Business Manager.
Edward H. Anderson, Associate Editor

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Volume thirteen of the ERA begins with the November 1, 1909, number.

To receive The ERA promptly, fill out the blank next to the title page in the October number, and mail it to the ERA office with two dollars. You will then get your magazine without interruption and, as you choose, either a senior or junior manual will be given you. All the ward presidents will receive subscriptions.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

The ERA is an illustrated monthly magazine of about 100 pages, and contains from ten to forty illustrations each month. President Joseph F. Smith is the editor and Edward H. Anderson is associate editor. The magazine was established in November, 1897, and is controlled by President Smith and the General Board Y. M. M. I. A.

The ERA is the organ of the Priesthood Quorums, and contains instructions to the Priesthood each month from the Church Committee on Outlines for Study.

If you are a member of the Mutual Improvement Associations you will enjoy the instructions contained in the ERA.

If you are a general reader you will find great pleasure in the stories, the doctrinal subjects, the descriptive articles, the poems, and the essays on a variety of subjects with which its pages abound.

If you are a student or teacher in the Priesthood quorums, you should read the ERA to keep in touch with this great and important movement among the Priesthood.

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In every number there are valuable articles on topics of living interest, doctrine, discipline and inspiration to success which interest everybody.

SPECIAL FEATURES FOR VOLUME THIRTEEN

THE CROWN OF INDIVIDUALITY, William George Jordan.

We are pleased to announce that the author of "Great Truths" and of the series of articles under the heading, "Self Control," which were so favor-

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- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. The Crown of Individuality | 10. Forgetting as a Fine Art. |
| 2. No Room for Them in the Inn. | 11. The Victoria Cross of Happiness. |
| 3. Facing the Mistakes of Life. | 12. The Crime of Respectability. |
| 4. The Sculptured Figures of Society. | 13. Optimism Really Counts. |
| 5. The Hungers of Life. | 14. The Power of Individual Purposes. |
| 6. Throwing Away Our Happiness. | 15. When We Forget Equity. |
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| 8. Sitting in the Seat of Judgment. | 17. The Dark Valley of Prosperity. |
| 9. The Inspiration of Possibilities. | |

The essays are of special interest to young men. They awaken activity and thought, are extremely helpful in character-building, and in placing a person in the right attitude toward life. These articles alone are worth the subscription price.

SHORT STORIES.

A short story will appear in each issue of the ERA for volume 13. Among them will be five by Nephi Anderson: "The End of the Rainbow;" "How the Lord was Good to Aunt Johanna;" "A Little Child Shall Lead Them;" "Out of the Abundance of the Heart;" "Malerstuen;" "The Friend," by Willard Done; "Tom Riley," by Sarah M. Williams; "The Nephite Shepherd;" and a number of other stories on hand and promised by good writers, that will attract widespread interest and attention.

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"Salvation Universal," four articles by Joseph F. Smith, Jr., treating on the greatest of all the gifts of God to His children, "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man, which constitutes his glory." Three articles by Thomas W. Brookbanks on "Hebrew Idioms and Analogies in the Book of Mormon;" also "Was Joseph Smith of God?" several articles by George W. Crockwell; and a variety of other contributions by leading doctrinal writers of the Church.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Numerous illustrated articles giving descriptions of travels in foreign countries are on hand, written by intelligent young people on the spot. They and others, promised and to come, will be used in the numbers of the new volume. We have several articles from the pen of Frank J. Hewlett, giving a description of his travels in Japan and China. "The Carlyles in their House at Chelsea," written by Florence L. Lancaster; "Jean Calvin," with original drawings, by Lawrence Squires; "Mexican Antiquities," with rare photos, by Elizabeth R. Cannon; and writings on the same subject by Paul E. Henning; "The South of Ireland," by T. L. Hatch, with attractive illustrations; "Australian Scenes," by J. H. Rawley, are waiting. Many others are promised by a variety of writers and by missionaries in various parts of the world.

SCIENTIFIC WRITINGS.

Dr. James E. Talmage and Dr. John A. Widtsoe will prepare important scientific papers which will appear in the ERA.

INSPIRATIONAL ARTICLES.

Prof. J. E. Hickman of the Beaver Academy, will contribute several articles on subjects tending towards the development of character in young people, the first being "The Springtime of Life." Prof. John Henry Evans, of the Latter-day Saints University will treat of "How to Succeed in Life." His writings will be unusually interesting to young people, will be attractive to all and especially to such as are interested in character-building and real success.

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS.

"The Editor's Table" will contain leading articles by President Joseph F. Smith on topics of interest touching the progress of the work of the Lord and the duties of the Latter-day Saints. The "Priesthood Quorums Table" will contain answers to questions; instructions to the quorums from the leading authorities; doctrinal subjects, and other matter relating to the labors and welfare of these great and important organizations in the Church. "Messages from the Missions" will continue. Leading events will be commented upon and recorded from time to time in a way that will keep those who read in touch with the main happenings of the world.

MANUAL FREE WITH ERA.

"The Making of the Man," 128 pages, is the title of the senior manual this year. As usual, it will be given free with the magazine. It is a treatise on the physical, mental, moral and social man, and may be read with interest by every lover of good reading. It is a splendid text book for the young men in their regular class work during the season. The development of manhood, physical, mental, and moral, is a subject than which none other is of greater importance. This book will acquaint the reader with some of the leading thoughts pertaining to the important subjects in hand, and is not only scientific in its character but is faith-promoting throughout. "It is intended to awaken ideas, arouse ambitions, and create inspiration of the desire expressed by the fond parents who say to their son, Be a man, my boy."

The junior manual is a continuation of "Lessons in Church History," 105 pages, and takes into account the history of the Church between the martyrdom and the founding of Utah. It contains simple and instructive biographies of some of the good men who were active in the forefront of the battle to make that history: Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Jedediah M. Grant, Willard Richards, George A. Smith, Heber C. Kimball, Daniel H. Wells, Edward Hunter, and others. Price 25c each; the two bound in limp cloth, 75c. One unbound manual goes free with every subscription to the ERA.

The Manuals are full-text books, not mere outlines. They contain such reading as anyone may enjoy, whether members of the M. I. A. classes or not. They are the cheapest good reading books you can buy.

AIM OF THE ERA.

The primary aim of the ERA is to create in the hearts of the young people a personal testimony of the truth and magnitude of the Gospel and of the work of the Lord. It is "to aid them in developing the gifts within them and in cultivating a knowledge and an application of the eternal principles of the great science of life." Like the quorums and the associations which it represents, it seeks to help them in obtaining a testimony of the truth and in learning to love and express that testimony as well as to develop all noble gifts within them. The variety of articles published in the magazine also instructs in social affairs, history, biography, and doctrine, and aids in finding the true way to success.

TO THE PRIESTHOOD GENERALLY AND THE OFFICERS OF THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

We ask you to continue loyal to our magazine by subscribing for it yourselves, and by each one of you securing other subscribers. We request the M. I. A. officers promptly to arrange by consultation with the bishopric for the canvass of the membership of their wards and see to it that no family in the ward is left without solicitation. A stake aid to the superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. should be appointed to supervise the canvass for the ERA in the stake and otherwise to look after its business welfare under their jurisdiction. Subscribers are best obtained if the work is handled promptly and in season.

TERMS AND GUARANTEE.

The associations have decided in conference that all subscriptions shall be paid in advance. The ERA will be issued promptly on the 1st of each month; price \$2.00, including either Manual. Upon application from subscribers who have been with us for years, the magazine will be sent to them without interruption upon receipt of a request from them on the blanks printed next to the title page in the October number of the ERA, to continue the magazine upon their promise to pay within the month. Behind the ERA are twelve years of fulfilled promises, and the subscribers may be certain that all promises here made will be fulfilled. The magazine is issued promptly and regularly, and, as in the past, all its pledges will be faithfully kept.

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Salt Lake City, Utah.

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See the Prospectus in the OCTOBER ERA

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See the Prospectus in the OCTOBER ERA

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Read carefully, and fill in all necessary blank spaces.

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XII.

OCTOBER, 1909.

No. 12

ESSENTIAL KNOWLEDGE—THE SEGREGATION OF TRUTH.

BY WILLIAM HALLS.

Though all knowledge is good and all truth valuable, yet, under certain conditions, some knowledge is more necessary than other knowledge. To the farmer, a knowledge of agriculture is most important; to the sea captain, a knowledge of navigation. He needs to know how to manage a ship, and cares very little about agriculture; while the farmer needs to know how to manage a farm, and cares little about navigation. This applies in all the affairs of life, the knowledge that enables a man to do what he has to do is the most important to him. This is also true in spiritual things. Jesus said, "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." In that day the most important truth that men could know was that Jesus was the Christ. When many of his disciples became offended and left him, he turned to the Twelve and said, "Will ye also go away?" Peter said, "To whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." When asked, "Whom say ye that I am?" Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." This knowledge was necessary to enable them to follow Christ and receive eternal life.

Many of those who rejected Christ had more knowledge than those who received him. It was the common people who "heard him gladly." Nicodemus was a learned ruler, but he knew nothing of the new birth, and he was astonished when he was told that, "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." The learned Jews said, "Abraham is our father." "We are Moses' disciples." "We know that God spoke unto Moses, but as for this fellow, we know not whence he is." For the want of this knowledge, they rejected him and brought on themselves and their children generations of sorrow.

In every dispensation there has been some important truth peculiar to that time, a knowledge of which was of prime necessity. In the days of Enoch, this important truth was that he was a prophet sent of God, for those who had this knowledge and received his message were saved; while all those who had not a knowledge of this truth were lost in the flood. In the days of Moses, a knowledge of Enoch's mission could not save that generation, they must know that Moses was a prophet sent of God, and accept his message, to be saved.

In this dispensation there are millions who believe in Jesus and in the scriptures of the Old and the New Testaments. They accept Moses and the prophets, Jesus and his apostles, but they reject Joseph Smith and his message. If it is true that Joseph Smith was sent of God with a message to this generation, it is of the utmost importance that men should know this truth. It is necessary that men accept Jesus as the Christ, the only Savior, and that they receive the scriptures as the word of God to ancient prophets, but this alone will not save them, if they reject a prophet of God with a message sent to them.

Many accepted Joseph Smith as a prophet of God and received his message; but he lived only a short time till he was martyred, and the first act in the drama of this dispensation closed. The curtain rose on another scene, and Brigham Young appeared on the stage. The faith of some died at that time, they accepted Joseph, but rejected Brigham; they fell away and were lost in apostasy. A belief in Joseph could not save them, he had passed away; they could not reach him, nor he them. Brigham held the keys.

After awhile Brigham passed away, and another appeared holding the keys, and so on, till now we have Joseph F. Smith, and the most important truth for the world to know today is that Joseph F. Smith is a prophet of God, holding the keys of priesthood and the blessings that pertain to eternal life. He is the only man in this position that we can reach, or that can reach us; all the rest are passed away. This knowledge is within the reach of all men. The most illiterate as well as the most learned may go to God and receive a testimony of this truth; the illiterate may receive just as clear a conception of this truth as the learned. When the Lord reveals a truth to any man by his spirit he makes it so plain that all doubt and uncertainty are removed.

But will a simple knowledge of this truth save a man? Saul received a knowledge that Jesus was the Christ, but that did not save him. Ananias came to him and commanded him to be baptized; he had to receive the new birth, take upon him the name of Christ, and work out his salvation. It is so today. The gospel is the same. Those who receive a testimony that Jesus is the Christ, and who know of the divine mission of Joseph Smith, must repent of their sins, and be baptized for the remission of sins, and have hands laid on them for the gift of the Holy Ghost. They must become members of the Church, take on them the name of Christ, learn the laws of God, and keep all his commandments, in order to be saved.

In the early days of the Church some of the elders were illiterate, not having had the means of an education. Joseph Smith was at first unlearned. But they were called to teach the world, and it was not consistent that they remain illiterate, so the "School of the Prophets" was organized and they were instructed in theory and doctrine, and commanded to seek learning by faith and by study out of the best books. Joseph Smith announced these fundamental truths: "The glory of God is intelligence," "A man cannot be saved in ignorance," "A man is saved no faster than he gains intelligence."

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has a world-wide mission: to go and teach all nations those essential truths, a knowledge of which is necessary to enable them to work out their salvation; to teach that Jesus is the Christ; that the scriptures of

the Old and New Testaments are true, and that the Book of Mormon is true (which necessarily implies the divine mission of Joseph Smith). These truths are fundamental. They are the foundation stones on which the plan of salvation rests. With a testimony of these truths, men are prepared to receive the gospel, "the power of God unto salvation," and apply its principles in their lives. To accept these truths as of prime necessity is not to under-value other truths; the foundation of a house is of little value till the building is put on it. So these foundation truths must be supplemented by all other truths in the order of their value, to round out a perfect character, to prepare men for the kingdom of heaven. The Saints, old and young, especially the young, holding sacred these cardinal truths as a foundation on which to build their faith, should use all diligence to acquire an all-round education. There is no other people who have the means of education that the Saints have. They are instructed by men holding the priesthood, who are called to teach by inspiration, and in addition to the secular schools they have excellent Church schools, and every year several hundred of their young men are sent abroad on missions, and several hundred are returning from missions, bringing with them a knowledge of the languages, literature, history, traditions, customs, manners, resources, commerce and industries of all nations. There is no people who have so many nationalities among them, who can speak as many foreign languages, and who know as much about the people of the whole world, by actual contact with them in their homes, as the Saints. This gives them a greater interest and creates a stronger band of sympathy for the world at large, than is or can be felt by any other people. The elders go out and carry to the world the truths of the kingdom of heaven, and they return laden with many precious truths gleaned from the kingdom of men.

All truth is harmonious, and though it may be for convenience of expression segregated and classified, as religious, scientific or social truth, there is no conflict. The man who accepts what he conceives to be religious truth, and rejects scientific truth, has a misconception of the unity of truth. All truth is eternal and necessary in its sphere, and the segregation of truth is only necessary in the progress of imperfect humanity. When man becomes

perfect he will know no religious, scientific, social, nor philosophic truth, but will accept truth as a unity. Then miracles will cease, and the supernatural, which is now clothed in mystery, will put on plain garments.

Mancos, Col.

HYMN TO DESERET.

[*To the Editor of the ERA.* Dear Sir:—Having lately had the pleasure of meeting again an old friend who has been on mission work in this country, and has returned again to Utah, (I refer to Elder Brown and his good wife of Brigham City) and having also accidentally made the acquaintance of the traveling elder, at present in this district, I have been much struck not only by their zeal and piety, but with the marvelous love they bear to Deseret, whether it be their country by birth, or by adoption. Their love and reverence for their land and faith is evidently as great as that of the pious Hebrew for Jerusalem. I have tried to imagine myself in their case, and have in consequence written the enclosed lines which I have ventured to entitle, "A Hymn to Deseret." * * * If they express, even feebly, the sentiments of your people to their beloved land, you are quite welcome to them. * * * My reverence for your faith is not lessened by the fact that three of my own relatives have been of your faith and have lived in Utah for many years. * * * I am yours very sincerely—JOSEPH LANGHORN.]

Oh rest to the pilgrim, oh land of the Lord,
What joy to the breast doth thy vision afford;
The heart of thy exile with rapture is filled
And his soul with the rays of thy glory is thrilled.

Thy valleys are smiling—dear land of the West,
Thy children are toiling in harmony blest.
The sweet air of liberty, holy and calm,
Is filled with the music of prayer and of psalm.

Thy sentinel mountains in majesty stand,
A rampart of God to encompass the land;
Their glorious peaks ever lifted to greet
The heralds of gladness, with glittering feet.

How beauteous those heralds, with garments of snow,
Foretelling rich streams to the valleys below:
The type of the rivers of grace that are given
To the souls of the Saints by our Father in Heaven.

Then let me but tread where my fathers have trod,
Let me stand in the courts of the Temple of God.
Let me bask in the beams of his gospel restored,
And dwell with the Saints, in the land of the Lord.

JOS LANGHORN.

Northampton, England.

THE LAND OF PAGAHRIT.

BY ALBERT R. LYMAN.

"The call of the wild" is an echo from regions not shown on the maps; the land of Pagahrit is left blank on the map of Utah, and is but known to those who love the call and follow it beyond the beaten paths. Its massive bluffs and



ALBERT R. LYMAN

canyons, though known only by local names and to but few white men, are yet barriers that have proved an effectual defense for the few who fled from the many. The land is a natural fortress twenty-five or thirty miles long, and has perhaps been the security of robbers many times since the days of Gadianton. The name, Pagahrit, has been handed down from generation to generation of the Utes to the present day, and means "standing water," having reference to a

strange, deep lake in the central part of this region.

The lake is situated at the junction of four box canyons, and seems a stupendous contradiction to all the surrounding country. It was presumably formed, in the first place, by a flood from one of the side canyons, a flood which built a delta or sand-dam across to the opposite cliff. The lake is forty feet deep,* the water is clear and the banks break off abruptly at the shore line. Bright, green seaweed spreads out near the surface and forms many an arch and bower down in the shady depths. Adding still to the mystery of the place, several rush-covered, floating islands

* That was its depth in 1902.

cross the lake with every important change of the wind. They are from ten to thirty feet long, yet they can sustain very little.

A grassy valley stretches up from one end of the lake, and groves of cottonwood and blackwillow throw patches of shade on two clear streamlets; but the surrounding country is scorched and desolate. Bare knolls of solid rock reach up through the blistering sand, ranging from five to fifty feet in height, and very often too steep and smooth to be climbed. Moreover, the level surface is frequently destitute of soil for a hundred yards at a stretch, with only a long seam here and there where a seed may begin to sprout. Half a mile from the lake a stranger might climb a knoll and despair of finding water, but coming onto the next bold raise, he sees the blue surface and fears he is mad with thirst—that it is a phantom.

The noontide is dazzling with light; the heated air dances like spirits in the distance. The ducks are huddled in the shade of some overhanging bank, or they have crawled into the tangled belt of rushes. The day is quiet, save for the cooing of a dove in the shade of a yucca, but at night the bittern calls from his floating island, and the distant answer of the coyote echoes itself to lingering death in the cliffs and caves.

There used to be a monster in this lake, so the story is told, and by day he hid in the green bowers at the bottom, but in the darkness he raised his head from the water and sang a shrill song of enchantment. Like the dreaded water sprites of old Europe he was a terrible thing, and the ancient savage hid and closed his ears at night, lest he be lured to the shore. In spite of this precaution, three Utes were charmed from camp in the silent hours of night, and no one saw them again. The story relates that a special pow-wow was held for the monster and he was killed by stratagem.

But the Utes make no attempt at the history of the castle once overlooking the lake; it probably fell before their fathers first took refuge in the land. The ruins of this castle reach from side to side of a solid stone cape that juts out into the lake, and the foundation is twenty feet above the waterline. Thus the castle is protected by a natural moat on three sides, across which, if one should pass, he would have still to scale the smooth cliff. The



Lake Pagahrit, in the southern wilds of Utah, at the junction of four box canyons.

limestone walls reached far down the sloping brow of the cliff on each side, and to prevent them from sliding off into the lake, holes were drilled into the rocks, and against pegs driven into the holes, the foundation stones were laid. There was but one side to defend, and that side being well walled, the place was impregnable to the weapons of ancient warfare. The cause of its downfall and desertion are hardly to be read in the silent, sun-burnt heap; it is but one paragraph in the sealed book of history written in stone in the land of Pagahrit.

Twelve miles northwest of the lake, the Colorado river flows quietly at the bottom of its deeply worn chasm, with an abandoned ferry making the only place for a long way where crossing is practicable. About twelve miles to the southeast is the twisting, yawning gorge of the San Juan; and beyond it, the precipitous base of the Navajo mountain, with many a den and shelf where men may defy their pursuers. The junction of the two rivers marks the southwest end of the land of Pagahrit. To the east and north is a series of high cliffs and deep gulches, the principal pass through them being known as Clay Hill. To approach this pass from the east, it is necessary to climb a long, steep hill between two bluffs, and the path leading on to the west is through a box canyon. It is an ideal place for a few to challenge the approach of many. Besides Clay Hill and the old ferry, there are several narrow, dangerous trails leading over the barriers towards the lake, but with a few good marksmen at the upper end, a force at the lower end would stand a very poor show of ascending.

In the early eighties, in fact, as soon as white men made bold to follow the plundering Utes, it was seen that the latter had a definite course in mind from the beginning of their retreat. Soldier Crossing is the farthest point to which soldiers or cowboys ever carried the contest, and here they found it necessary to give up the chase, leaving their wounded companions to the mercy of the red men and the boiling sun. The Utes were headed for Pagahrit, and confident of success, had shown themselves every day to entice their angry pursuers onward. Now among the first rocks of their intended defense, with a curse and insult they dared the white men to place foot in the trail below them. On the lake came the red-handed victors, rehearsing in the savage chant of the

war song, their bloody exploits without. Here they admired their painted faces as reflected in the still water; here in the war dance they shouted the strength of Pagahrit, the protection of their fathers. They shot down cattle and left them to rot; they gave free rein to the wild spirit of Gadianton, leaving the mark of bullet and knife and the stain of blood in the land, but no track to betray their course to the Navajo mountain.

They were never brought to justice; and no dusky outlaw has ever been apprehended after reaching the summit of Clay Hill pass. From the summit he has looked down in defiance on the regions eastward, and urging his jaded beast down Castle Gulch, has chanted the praise of the lonely lake.

The cliffs and caves of Pagahrit are dry and desolate and silent as a haunted house, but they bear continually the marks of human hands; houses, walls and relics; steps cut into the solid bluffs, and signs and figures carved on the face thereof. What do they mean? these mysterious characters. Oh! how often, when resting in the shade of a barren rock, one may wonder: "What means this strange writing on the wall?" They are chapters in this sealed book of stone; they are written on the enduring rock, and they bear the hot winds of time, though the hands that carved them are among the bones blackening and crumbling in the dry sand. Then, since no Daniel has read them, and they are a mystery to all alike, should a herdsboy of that land be blamed for thinking that a perishing people required the very cliffs to bear witness who they were, and at whose hands they were slain?

There is no road nor trail which a stranger may follow across the land of Pagahrit, there is little to attract men thither, little indeed but "the call of the wild." It is a land whose first children have perished from its face, and doleful creatures crawl among the white bones in its ruins. It is a region once kept green with refreshing rain: the home of an agricultural people, but afterwards overrun by robbers who found it a safe retreat from all pursuers. It is a thirsty land from which men turn away, unless they have ears for the wild "call," and follow it on and on into the still solitude.

Grayson, Utah.

SELF-CONTROL.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

XVI.—THE ROYAL ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

“During my whole life I have not had twenty-four hours of happiness.” So said Prince Bismarck, one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century. Eighty-three years of wealth, fame, honors, power, influence, prosperity and triumph,—years when he held an empire in his fingers,—but not one day of happiness!

Happiness is the greatest paradox in Nature. It can grow in any soil, live under any conditions. It defies environment. It comes from within; it is the revelation of the depths of the inner life, as light and heat proclaim the sun from which they radiate. Happiness consists not of having, but of being; not of possessing, but of enjoying. It is the warm glow of a heart at peace with itself. A martyr at the stake may have happiness that a king on his throne might envy. Man is the creator of his own happiness; it is the aroma of a life lived in harmony with high ideals. For what a man *has*, he may be dependent on others; what he *is*, rests with him alone. What he *obtains* in life is but acquisition; what he *attains*, is growth. Happiness is the soul's joy in the possession of the intangible. Absolute, perfect, continuous happiness in life, is impossible for the human. It would mean the consummation of attainments, the individual consciousness of a perfectly fulfilled destiny. Happiness is paradoxical because it may coexist with trial,

* From *Self-Control; its Kingship and Majesty*. Copyright 1889 and 1905 by Fleming H. Revell Company.

sorrow and poverty. It is the gladness of the heart,—rising superior to all conditions.

Happiness has a number of under-studies,—gratification, satisfaction, content, and pleasure,—clever imitators that simulate its appearance rather than emulate its method. Gratification is a harmony between our desires and our possessions. It is ever incomplete, it is the thankful acceptance of part. It is a mental pleasure in the quality of what one receives, an unsatisfiedness as to the quantity. It may be an element in happiness, but, in itself,—it is not happiness.

Satisfaction is perfect identity of our desires and our possessions. It exists only so long as this perfect union and unity can be preserved. But every realized ideal gives birth to new ideals, every step in advance reveals large domains of the unattained; every feeding stimulates new appetites,—then the desires and possessions are no longer identical, no longer equal, new cravings call forth new activities, the equipoise is destroyed, and dissatisfaction reenters. Man might possess everything tangible in the world and yet not be happy, for happiness is the satisfying of the soul, not of the mind or the body. Dissatisfaction, in its highest sense, is the keynote of all advance, the evidence of new aspirations, the guarantee of the progressive revelation of new possibilities.

Content is a greatly overrated virtue. It is a kind of diluted despair; it is the feeling with which we continue to accept substitutes, without striving for the realities. Content makes the trained individual swallow vinegar and try to smack his lips as if it were wine. Content enables one to warm his hands at the fire of a past joy that exists only in memory. Content is a mental and moral chloroform that deadens the activities of the individual to rise to higher planes of life and growth. Man should never be contented with anything less than the best efforts of his nature can possibly secure for him. Content makes the world more comfortable for the individual, but it is the death-knell of progress. Man should be content with each step of progress merely as a station, discontented with it as a destination; contented with it as a step; discontented with it as a finality. There are times when a man should be content with what he *has*, but never with what he *is*.

But content is not happiness; neither is pleasure. Pleasure is temporary, happiness is continuous; pleasure is a note, happiness is a symphony; pleasure may exist when conscience utters protests; happiness,—never. Pleasure may have its dregs and its loss; but none can be found in the cup of happiness.

Man is the only animal that can be really happy. To the rest of the creation belong only weak imitations of the under-studies. Happiness represents a peaceful attunement of a life with a standard of living. It can never be made by the individual, by himself, for himself. It is one of the incidental by-products of an unselfish life. No man can make his own happiness the one object of his life and attain it, any more than he can jump on the far end of his shadow. If you would hit the bull's-eye of happiness on the target of life, aim above it. Place other things higher than your own happiness and it will surely come to you. You can buy pleasure, you can acquire content, you can become satisfied,—but Nature never put real happiness on the bargain-counter. It is the undetachable accompaniment of true living. It is calm and peaceful; it never lives in an atmosphere of worry or of hopeless struggle.

The basis of happiness is the love of something outside self. Search every instance of happiness in the world, and you will find, when all the incidental features are eliminated, there is always the constant, unchangeable element of love,—love of parent for child; love of man and woman for each other; love of humanity in some form, or a great life work into which the individual throws all his energies.

Happiness is the voice of optimism, of faith, of simple, steadfast love. No cynic or pessimist can be really happy. A cynic is a man who is morally near-sighted,—and brags about it. He sees the evil in his own heart, and thinks he sees the world. He lets a mote in his eye eclipse the sun. An incurable cynic is an individual who should long for death,—for life cannot bring him happiness, death might. The keynote of Bismarck's lack of happiness was his profound distrust of human nature.

There is a royal road to happiness; it lies in Consecration, Concentration, Conquest and Conscience.

Consecration is dedicating the individual life to the service of

others, to some noble mission, to realizing some unselfish ideal. Life is not something to be lived *through*; it is something to be lived *up to*. It is a privilege, not a penal servitude of so many decades on earth. Consecration places the object of life above the mere acquisition of money, as a finality. The man who is unselfish, kind, loving, tender, helpful, ready to lighten the burden of those around him, to hearten the struggling ones, to forget himself sometimes in remembering others,—is on the right road to happiness. Consecration is ever active, bold and aggressive, fearing naught but possible disloyalty to high ideals.

Concentration makes the individual life simpler and deeper. It cuts away the shams and pretenses of modern living and limits life to its truest essentials. Worry, fear, useless regret,—all the great wastes that sap mental, moral or physical energy must be sacrificed, or the individual needlessly destroys half the possibilities of living. A great purpose in life, something that unifies the strands and threads of each day's thinking, something that takes the sting from the petty trials, sorrows, sufferings and blunders of life, is a great aid to Concentration. Soldiers in battle may forget their wounds, or even be unconscious of them, in the inspiration of battling for what they believe is right. Concentration dignifies an humble life; it makes a great life,—sublime. In morals it is a short-cut to simplicity. It leads to right for right's sake, without thought of policy or of reward. It brings calm and rest to the individual,—a serenity that is but the sunlight of happiness.

Conquest is the overcoming of an evil habit, the rising superior to opposition and attack, the spiritual exaltation that comes from resisting the invasion of the grovelling material side of life. Sometimes when you are worn and weak with the struggle; when it seems that justice is a dream, that honesty and loyalty and truth count for nothing, that the devil is the only good paymaster; when hope grows dim and flickers, then is the time when you must tower in the great sublime faith that Right must prevail, then must you throttle these imps of doubt and despair, you must master yourself to master the world around you. This is Conquest; this is what counts. Even a log can float with a current, it takes a man to fight sturdily against an opposing tide that would sweep his

craft out of its course. When the jealousies, the petty intrigues and the meannesses and the misunderstandings in life assail you, —rise above them. Be like a lighthouse that illumines and beautifies the snarling, swashing waves of the storm that threaten it, that seek to undermine it and seek to wash over it. This is Conquest. When the chance to win fame, wealth, success or the attainment of your heart's desire, by sacrifice of honor or principle, comes to you, and it does not affect you long enough even to seem a temptation, you have been the victor. That, too, is Conquest. And Conquest is part of the royal road to Happiness.

Conscience, as the mentor, the guide and compass of every act, leads ever to Happiness. When the individual can stay alone with his conscience and get its approval, without using force or specious logic, then he begins to know what real Happiness is. But the individual must be careful that he is not appealing to a conscience perverted or deadened by the wrong-doing and subsequent deafness of its owner. The man who is honestly seeking to live his life in Consecration, Concentration and Conquest, living from day to day as best he can, by the light he has, may rely explicitly on his Conscience. He can shut his ears to "what the world says" and find in the approval of his own conscience the highest earthly tribune,—the voice of the Infinite communing with the Individual.

Unhappiness is the hunger to get; Happiness is the hunger to give. True happiness must ever have the tinge of sorrow outlived, the sense of pain softened by the mellowing years, the chastening of loss that in the wondrous mystery of time transmutes our suffering into love and sympathy with others.

If the individual should set out for a single day to give Happiness, to make life happier, brighter and sweeter, not for himself, but for others, he would find a wondrous revelation of what Happiness really is. The greatest of the world's heroes could not by any series of acts of heroism do as much real good as any individual living his whole life in seeking, from day to day, to make others happy.

Each day there should be fresh resolution, new strength, and renewed enthusiasm. "Just for Today" might be the daily motto of thousands of societies throughout the country, composed of

members bound together to make the world better through constant, simple acts of kindness, constant deeds of sweetness and love. And Happiness would come to them, in its highest and best form, not because they would seek to *absorb* it, but,—because they seek to *radiate* it.

[THE END.]

[We have succeeded in arranging with Mr. Jordan for the publication in the IMPROVEMENT ERA of seventeen chapters on *The Crown of Individuality* to begin in the first, November, number of Volume 13. We are sure our readers will be delighted and greatly instructed with this splendid feature of the new volume.—EDITORS.]



"DESERET," THE NEW L. D. S. CHURCH BUILDING IN LONDON, ENGLAND.

The meeting room is back of the part shown in the photo. There are about fifty rooms. The Touts of Ogden, Utah, often sing here, and that attracts many visitors.

THE RELIEF OF CIRCLEVILLE.

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF "THRILLING EXPERIENCES."

In 1865, Black Hawk, a renegade Ute chief, gathered around him about forty of the most turbulent savages that could be found in Southern Utah, and commenced a warfare against the border settlements of that part of the territory that cost the people not less than fifteen hundred thousand dollars.

The majority of the people in these settlements were from the old countries, and unacquainted with the ways of the wicked wild

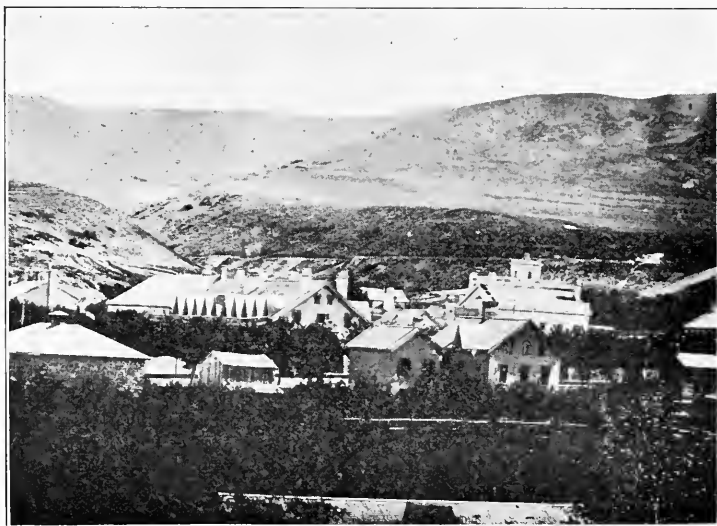


Photo by C. W. Carter.

SALT LAKE CITY,

Looking North from the Theatre. Taken in 1866.

men of the west. Whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself, these thievish redskins would swoop down upon the settlers, driving away their most valuable stock. Before winter fairly set in, they captured nearly two thousand head, besides killing about fifty men, women and children.

Up to that time no organized movement had been made against



THE SCOUT.

them, which, of course, gave encouragement to other bloodthirsty savages, and by the time winter broke up, Black Hawk's force had increased to upwards of three hundred men. The settlers of Sanpete, Sevier and Piute counties became alarmed, finding themselves unable to cope with so formidable a foe, consequently they called upon the authorities at Salt Lake City for help.

In those days men were called upon missions to fight the Indians as they are now to preach the gospel to the nations of the earth. Their names were read from the stand and they were sustained by the people. Two companies of "minute men," composed



A CAMP OF THE SIOUX

A Peaceful Oasis, hill-begirt, in the Prairie Country.

mostly of Indian war veterans, were soon mustered into service, Utah and Salt Lake counties each furnishing their quota of men.

On May 1, 1866, in a drenching rainstorm, the Salt Lake boys, under Col. Heber P. Kimball and Major John Clark, left for the seat of war. Three days later they camped for the night near a small stream, between Fountain Green and Moroni. The night was as dark as pitch and the rain came down in torrents.

Early next morning one of the camp guards discovered a dead

Indian in the creek, a few yards above the camp. It proved to be Chief Sanpitch who, in a skirmish with the Sanpete boys a few days before, had been wounded, but had managed to get to this place before he died. He was an own brother to the notorious Walker, king of the Ute nation, who died in 1855.

That evening Col. Kimball, with his company of cavalry, reached Manti, reported to General Warren S. Snow, who was anxiously awaiting his coming. The Indians were committing all kinds of depredations in every direction, and the settlers along the Sevier river, when last heard from, were in desperate straits. Gen-

eral William B. Pace, who was in command of the Utah county boys, had not arrived, but he and the boys were on their way to the front just as rapidly as good horses could carry them.

Colonel Kimball had already divided his forces, leaving forty men with Major Clark to guard the smaller settlements in Sanpete county, while he and General Snow, with the remaining twenty-five men, pushed to the relief of Circleville, on the head waters of the Sevier. They started on this hazardous journey, reaching Gunnison late on the same day of their departure. The people of that place were almost panic-stricken. The Indians had plundered the poor people of Salina until they were compelled to flee



The Medicine Man.

to Gunnison for their lives, leaving practically all their earthly possessions behind.

After leaving Gunnison, not a living soul was seen by the boys until they reached Richfield. The Indians had killed two men at this place, on the afternoon of the boys' arrival, and the same day a family in a light wagon, who undertook to cross the river south of Richfield, were carried down stream never to be seen again. The people were all excited and wondering what was coming next. The following day the Kimball party forded the river at the same place where the family was drowned, thereby taking desperate chances, as the river was a raging torrent.

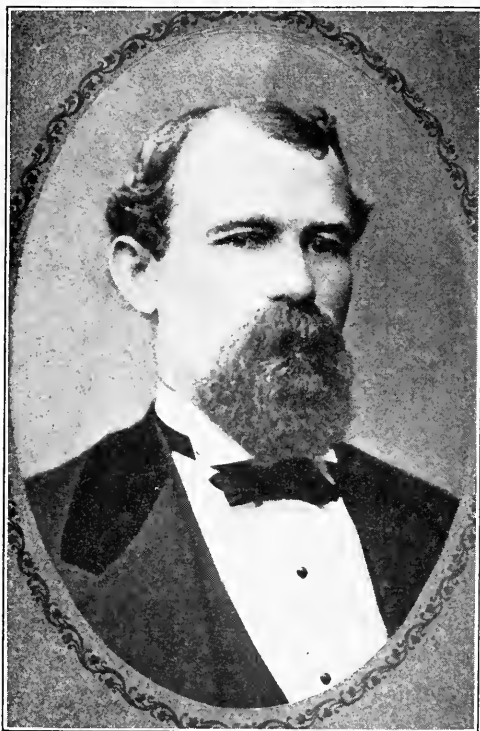
Two days later they reached the crossing at Marysvale, but found no bridge, and not even timber to make a raft. Three of the toughest boys in the crowd stripped themselves to the skin, tied their clothing on the top of their heads, plunged into the turbulent torrent, and swam to the other side. They were not long in building a raft, which was pulled backwards and forwards across the raging river, until their outfit was safely landed on the other side. Then their poor, shivering animals were driven into the treacherous stream, one of them nearly drowning before it reached the other side.



Three Belles of the Ute Nation.

The party remained at Marysvale one night, enjoying a needed rest for both men and beasts. Everything was found just as the panic-stricken people had left it. Pigs were rooting around, there were plenty of chickens, lots of fresh eggs, and none to molest or make afraid. And oh! what a feast the boys did have that night, after working hard all day in a blinding snowstorm. That was the first night that singing was heard in camp since they left home.

On the 11th day of May they reached the stricken town of Circleville, which they had started out to relieve. It had stormed nearly every day up to that time, and the roads most of the way were well-nigh impassable. The "minute men" had turned their backs upon their own home affairs, and had traveled nearly three hundred miles to rescue a plundered people who were



HEBER P. KIMBALL,

Born Kirtland, Ohio, June 1, 1835; died February 8, 1885. Son of Heber C. and Vilate Kimball.

passing through untold torments of fear. The Indians had stripped them of almost everything. It was dreadful to behold aged men, women and handsome young ladies, barefooted, and with hardly enough clothing to cover their nakedness. They had been living on cracked wheat for months, and on account of fear of the Indians had scarcely enough wood to build their fires. They were destitute of everything, and completely broken down in spirits. When the rescuing party came in sight, they threw up their hands and

wept for joy.

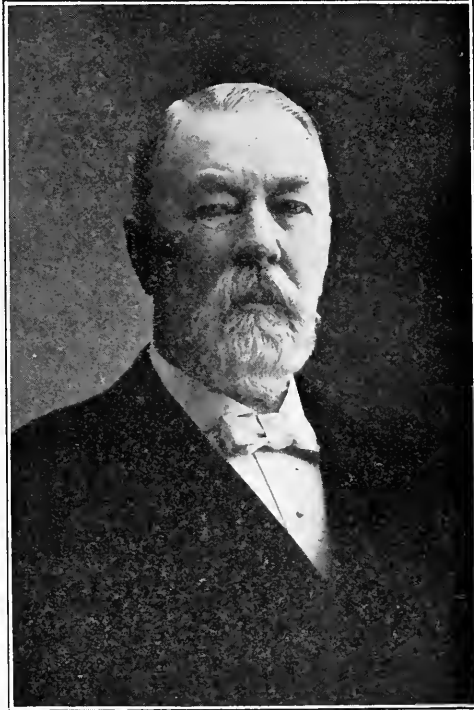
The people from the surrounding settlements, had gathered to this place for mutual protection, and they must have numbered one hundred. A few days before the "minute men" arrived, there were a number of Indians camped nearby who pretended to be friends to

the settlers, but who were spies. They had killed one man and wounded another who had managed to escape. The people were so enraged at this that they made short work of the nine renegades who committed the treacherous act.

The first move that Colonel Kimball made was to assist the poor settlers in rounding up what few horses and cattle the Indians had left. After this had been accomplished, the men of Circleville hitched up their teams and drove to Beaver for supplies, while the Salt Lake boys guarded their families. It took just two weeks to make the round trip to Beaver.

While their husbands, fathers and brothers were gone, the women folks, to show their appreciation of the great sacrifices which the Salt Lake boys had made for their sakes, decorated the school-house and gave a very creditable entertainment, which

was greatly appreciated by the boys. To help matters along, Lieutenant Seymour B. Young, James Hague and others sang, "In Our Leaky Tents," lines written by Joseph Goddard, while a blinding blizzard was sweeping over Circle valley. The first verse and chorus ran to the tune, "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!"



JOHN CLARK.

In our leaky tents we sit,
Thinking of the good old times,

That in Salt Lake City
 We have spent so gay;
 And our hearts grow sad to think
 Of the long time we'll be gone
 From our dear old homes
 And friends so far away.

CHORUS:

Snow! Hail! Rain!
 And windy weather,
 Pelting on our weather-beaten forms,
 Till it seems to us that winter
 With its white robes has set in,
 And we have to bear the brunt
 Of wintry storms.

After faithfully performing the missions to which they had been called, Col. Heber P. Kimball's rescuing party bade farewell to the good people of Circleville. The call was made for forty days, and by forced marches they would be able to reach Salt Lake City within that time. They paid their own expenses and furnished their own outfit besides.



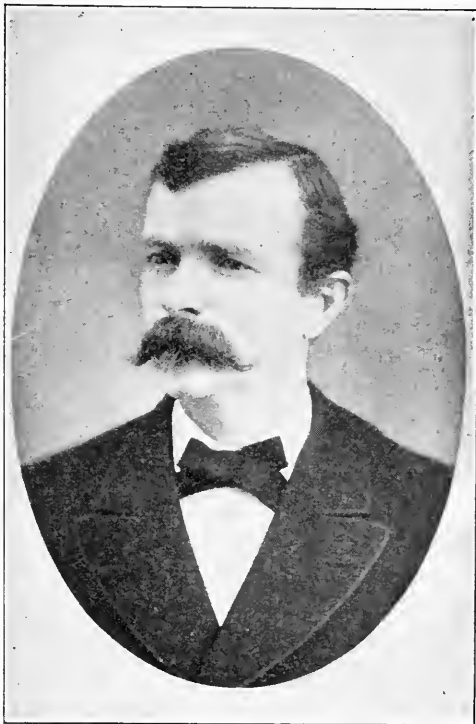
LIEUT. SEYMOUR B. YOUNG.

Six days later, they reached Manti, and found conditions there much worse, if possible, than when they left. Black Hawk had renewed his energies, and everything seemed to be in a chaotic condition. The Indians were raiding the settlements in every direction, killing the settlers, and running off large herds of stock. Instructions from headquarters awaited Col. Kimball at Manti, ordering him to remain in the field another forty days, or until reinforcements could be sent to take his place. Without a murmur the boys, observing the situation, complied with the order and went to work with a vim.

Black Hawk proved to be very much of a strategist in many

respects. Sometimes he would divide his warriors into two or three different bands and then raid the settlements in different parts of the country all about the same time. His warriors would gather what stock could be found, and make a break for the mountains. At night his picket guards built signal fires on the tops of mountains, keeping their comrades in the field well posted on every important movement made by the "minute men." In this way the Indians gained advantages over the boys that were almost invaluable.

The boys were on the jump night and day, living on anything and everything they could secure. Most of their time was spent in chasing savages over a country that the Indians knew much more about than they did. On one occasion they followed a band of fleeing redskins nearly three hundred miles over the worst country in southeastern Utah.



JAMES HAGUE,
Born January 28, 1844.

They remained in the thickest of the fight for ninety days. Reaching home, they and their poor animals looked as if they had been drawn through a knot hole. The boys were then lined up in front of the Court House, where President Brigham Young and other dignitaries, with deep emotion and grateful hearts, welcomed

them home. The boys were so reduced in flesh, and their clothing was so badly worn and torn that their own parents hardly knew them. One of the boys was missing, having been killed by the Indians, and two of them had been wounded.



JOSEPH GODDARD,
Born April 5, 1843.

These early guardsmen certainly deserve great credit for the efforts which they put forth to protect the struggling pioneers. If, as is now almost certain, those who remain shall receive any financial aid from our country, it is clearly not undeserved. No emoluments of a financial nature can repay them for the sacrifices which they gladly made. They should be held in remembrance by the younger citizens of our great commonwealth who are enjoying not only the ripe fruits of their

labors, but also the rewards of the struggles and achievements of the pioneers whom they so nobly protected.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Be a cheerful climber! Cheer spells confidence, confidence spells success. Men who succeed are cheerful. Gloom is trouble, and trouble, failure. Men who fail are gloomy. Be a cheerful climber!

THE LAST WITNESS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DAVID WHITMER, IN AUGUST, 1883.

[It is worthy of historic mention that this poem was read and approved by David Whitmer. At a subsequent visit by the author, shortly before David's death, in the presence of his grandson who was, at the time of this writing, the custodian of the manuscript of the Book of Mormon and other relics, he expressed much pleasure in the receipt and reading of said poem, and accepted and acknowledged it as authentic in its entirety.—J. H. H.]

I met an aged man the other day,
In Richmond, Missouri, in County Ray,
His step was feeble, but his eye was bright,
And in it beamed intelligence and light.

He was a living witness with eleven,
Of ministrations from the courts of heaven;
Ten of said witnesses have passed away,
And he has now but little time to stay.

Three score and ten had bleached his aged head.
His Prophet, friends, lie numbered with the dead;
He on Missouri's battlefield alone
Was left to grapple with the dread cyclone.

It swept away his home, but left intact
The room and box with Nephite records packed,
And finished up its sacreligious raid
Within the old graveyard among the dead,

It ruthlessly destroyed the tombs, which care
Of sympathetic friends erected there;
And recklessly tore up the very ground
Where Oliver's remains might once be found.

Give me the quiet valleys of the West,
Of all our broad domain, in which to rest;
For there the righteous may escape the rod
Of retribution from Almighty God.

"Pray, is it true," I asked, "that you have been
With heavenly messengers, and have seen
The records called the plates of brass and gold,
Of which Moroni in his book has told?

" 'Tis said you saw an angel from on high,
While other witnesses were standing by,
And that the messenger commanded you
To testify that this strange work is true.

"Not questioning your statement that I've read,
Or what the other witnesses have said,
Yet, I would like to know from you direct,
If we have read or heard these things correct?"

He lifted up his voice and thus replied:
"My written statement I have ne'er denied,
I saw the angel and I heard his voice,
And wondrous things that made my heart rejoice.

"This interview was sought with earnest prayer,
The Prophet and Three Witnesses were there,
But Martin, conscience-strick'n declined to stay,
And wandered off alone to watch and pray.

"I do not know the angel's rank nor name,
Who on this great and glorious mission came,
I know that he was clothed with power and might,
And was surrounded with effulgent light.

"No tongue can tell the glory and the power
That was revealed to us in that blest hour;
The plates of brass and gold the angel took
And placed before us like an open book.

"We saw the fine engravings on them, too,
And heard the voice declare, the book is true;
No power on earth could from our minds efface
The glorious vision of this trysting place.

"We've done as then commanded we should do,
And testified the 'Mormon book' is true;
And was translated by the power given
The Prophet Joseph from the God of heaven.

"Thousands of people have been here to see
The 'copy' Oliver has left with me;
The characters, moreover, Martin took
Professor Anthon — words of sacred book.

'Some visit me who 'Mormonism' hate;
Some ranking low, and some of high estate,
I tell them all, as I now say to you,
The Book of Mormon is of God, and true.

"In yonder room I have preserved with care
The printer's copy and the words so rare;
The very words from Nephi's sacred book
That Martin to Professor Anthon took.

"If this be not the truth, there is no truth,
And I have been mistaken from my youth;
If I'm mistaken, you may know from thence
That there's no God, no law, no life, no sense.

"I know there is a God—I've heard his voice,
And in his power and truth do still rejoice;
Though fools may ridicule and laugh today,
They yet will know the truth of what I say.

"I've suffered persecution at the hands
Of hireling preachers and their Christian bands;
I've braved their hatred, and have them withstood
While thirsting for the youthful Prophet's blood.

"They came four hundred strong, with visage bold,
And said, 'Deny this story you have told;
And by our sacred honor we'll engage
To save you from the mob's infuriate rage.'

"A mighty power came on me, and I spake
In words that made the guilty mobbers quake;
And trembling seized the surging crowd and fear,
But, left unharmed, I felt that God was near."

Thus spake the aged witness, of the way
The Lord commenced his work in this our day;
If men will not believe what God hath said,
They'll not believe should one rise from the dead.

Here was a man who in his youth, amazed,
Upon a messenger of heaven gazed;
Presenting plates of rich and varied size,
That filled his soul with wonder and surprise.

Not only he, but there were others, ten,
All truthful, brave and honorable men;
With same integrity have ever told
That they had seen the sacred plates of gold.

I asked a Gentile lawyer if he knew
These witnesses as honest men, and true;
"Well, yes," said he, "they're honest as the day,
And I can vouch for every word they say.

"What David Whitmer says, the people know
May be regarded as precisely so:
He's not a man to shade the truth or lie,
But on his word you safely may rely.

"And Mr. Cowdery, I have known him, too:
More truthful man than he I never knew;
And as a lawyer, he was shrewd and bright,
And always made an honorable fight."

"Think you that Joseph Smith could them deceive,
By forging plates could make these men believe
That they had seen an angel of the Lord,
And make them perjurers with one accord?"

"These men were model citizens," said he,
"Men of sound judgment, honest, brave and free:
Men who believed that Joseph Smith was right,
And willing for his cause to boldly fight."

I asked a Gentile doctor, and was told
That David Whitmer's word was good as gold.
That "Cowdery was fairly idolized;"
There names would ever be immortalized.

"Although it's all a mystery to me,
I know that they were true as men can be,
I'd stake upon their word my soul, my life,
So would his daughter, my beloved wife.

"I seldom hear the so-called Christians preach,
They nothing know, can therefore nothing teach,
My wife has told me more of truth and God,
Than taught by preachers in their grand Synod."

I interviewed an aged woman there,
The doctor's guest, moreover, his belle-mere,*
In youthful days, Miss Whitmer was her name,
Now Mrs. Cowdery, of historic fame.

* Mother-in-law.

Nobility was stamped upon her face,
Like royal signet of her father's race;
And David's lineaments were plainly there,
But moulded, it may be, with greater care.

She talked of thrilling scenes of early life,
When Oliver and she were man and wife;
When youthful prophets strove with all their might
To spread abroad the Gospel's glorious light.

"I know," she said, "this work will never fail,
Though all the nations may its friends assail,
'Tis come, as I have heard the prophets say,
To ever stand, though earth may pass away."

Such is the substance of an interview
That tends to show this mighty work is true;
And being true, 'tis folly to oppose
The unseen power by which the Kingdom grows.

Some states have spent against it rage and fury,
Despoiled its people without judge or jury;
And forced them in the mountain vales to hide,
And trust in Him who doth his people guide.

'Twas not the province of poor, erring man
To formulate this great and glorious plan,
Nor is it in the power of man to stay
Its onward progress, or block up its way.

JAMES H. HART.

Bloomington, Idaho.

THE BOY WHO DOES NOT HAVE TO BE TOLD.

A tool is left out on the lawn; there is a nail off the fence; there is a lock broken from a door; there is a window pane gone somewhere. The boy who tends to these things because they need attending to without specific directions, is the boy who, other things being equal, is going to be in demand when he gets out into the great world; and it is the attention to little things and the habit of observation, which sees what needs to be done, and then does it, which makes exceedingly useful men and women. There will always be a position for such persons. There will always be a call to come up higher. It is in one sense a small thing to do little things without orders, but it is the doing of them that makes great captains, great engineers, great artists, great architects, great workers in any department, and it is the absence of this quality that makes commonplace men and women, who will always have to live under the dominion of petty orders, men and women who do nothing unless they are told to do it.

JOSEPH C. RICH—IN MEMORIAM.

BY S. A. KENNER.

In speaking of one who has "shuffled off the mortal coil" and joined the "innumerable caravan" in the great beyond, it is customary to begin with a statement of the time, place and cause of the death, following this with the principal circumstances leading up to and attending dissolution, then following with a statement of the birth, life and characteristics of the departed. If this were a more perfunctory article than it is, if it were written for a newspaper, or for hire, or for any other reason than a desire to say something of a departed friend in a manner that would (perhaps will) be most acceptable to him, the more orthodox if not more acceptable style might be followed here.

Joseph C. Rich was a young man and I was getting along that way when first we met, this being in Salt Lake City. Naturally the occurrence was a good many years ago, before his characteristics had fully developed or mine were suspected, but despite the difference in years and otherwise, we soon became well acquainted. Some portions of our respective families had known each other back in the "States," even before the expulsion from Nauvoo. It is a belief founded on unimpeachable hearsay that his father first brought the gospel to the household which subsequently contained among other questionable effects the writer of these lines who, after coming to Utah in the early sixties, also became acquainted with the said father. He was one of the pillars of his Church against whom I never heard a man, woman or child say an unkind or unpleasant word. He was not a notoriety seeker, found his (apparently) most pronounced enjoyment in the society of

family and friends and the doing of those things which church and domestic responsibilities required at his hands. He was always doing, find him where you would, and never seemed to be weary, or out of patience, or in want of relaxation, or disposed to complain about anybody or anything. He always had so much to do that was useful, beneficial, worthy of emulation, that he had little if any time to waste upon such groveling pursuits as making money. It is questionable if he knew how much of that article he had in his possession or at his disposal, or cared about it in the least. His religious duties, public and private, were his first consideration; other things had to follow. Without assuming to be a judge in such matters, I should say he was about as correct a Christian as was ever read of outside of the New Testament. So much for the father, Apostle Charles C. Rich. What of the mother of the subject of this sketch? Would that justice could be done her by such inelastic, unemotional and inadequate means as cold type! Sharing in the hardships and turmoils poured out so mercilessly and unstintedly upon her chosen people, emigrating to Utah at a time and under circumstances which made it a long, continuous nightmare, settling at last in a refuge where peace was so seasoned with poverty, and tranquility so spiced with toil, that it must have been questionable at times whether the goods were worth the price or not, this saintly and sainted woman never permitted any thought of faltering in the line of duty, or turning aside from the straight and narrow path which leads to the glorified life, to enter her mind. She died as full of honors as her husband had; volumes could not make the story any fairer.

Such was the parentage of Joseph C. Rich, and it was clearly a physical impossibility that he could be a bad man; that he could, in fact, be at heart other than gentle, honest and loyal. No matter that he did not at all times impress others with his inner characteristics; that to them, and more particularly to those who did not know him well, he seemed to be more of a humorist than one given to serious thoughts; that he apparently enjoyed too much the entertainments of Vanity Fair to give earnest attention to the sacred estate which crowns the hill of tribulation. And surely he did enjoy the enjoyable things of life. He had a fund of jocularities to draw on, and could pull a person out of a spell

of chronic "blue devils" better than a minstrel show could. But beneath it all his heart ever beat true to the cause in which he was born and to whose upholding he was pledged. He never was known to place relatives or friends at a disadvantage because of eccentricities or otherwise, and when in his judgment it became his duty to say or do anything helpful to or defensive of his faith and those who bore it with him—such times being by no means infrequent—the word or the deed was never wanting. There was enough that was earnest and serious in his nature to enable him to occupy creditably that triple station in life which may not be gained by accident or fortuitous circumstances—a maker, an expounder, and an interpreter of laws. Incidentally he spoke to the people through the medium of the press and from the political forum, in both gaining marked attention and carrying conviction to his readers and hearers of his personal sincerity and honesty, as well as his belief in the worthiness of his cause, whether they followed in the way he led or not. On the trail, at the campfire, in the hills or on the plains, wherever found he was the life and spirit of any gathering of which he was a part, and those who ever met him in any such capacity have not forgotten him and will not until they forget all else. Above and beyond it all were the facts that he was God-fearing, neighbor-loving, fearlessly just and genuinely charitable, and there was not a scintilla of hypocrisy in his entire fibre. Mourned not only by two worthy families—his father's and his own—his untimely taking off in his very prime, lamented by a host of friends, leaving behind him not one enemy, may we not indulge the hope that, like his people who blazed the trail to Zion for the rest of us to follow, he has but gone before and awaits us with that warm, welcoming hand that never was extended without the heart going with it.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE ORIENT.

BY FRANK J. HEWLETT, DIRECTOR OF THE UTAH STATE FAIR AND
PRESIDENT OF HEWLETT BROS. COMPANY.

IV.—SHANGHAI, THE GATEWAY TO CHINA.

The second day out of Honolulu, we ran into what I would call a young typhoon. The way the tables fell over, dishes and glassware rattled, it was not necessary to read Jack London's *Sea Stories* to learn how it all happens. Racks were used on the dining-room tables for two days to hold the dishes in place. Where most of the passengers disappeared to seemed a mystery, but I suppose the doctor and the stewardess alone were authorized to find their hiding places. But the beauty of things in this world is that after the storm, sunshine always comes, and is sweeter than ever.

All large Pacific steamers are protected with amateur fire- and life-saving departments. At four o'clock the whistle blows, the bell rings, and the crew spring to their places at the fire hydrants. In a few moments a dozen streams of water are playing through the port-holes into the sea. The officers are stationed near, with pistols hung at their sides, and the way the Chinese crew scramble through their parts, inspires one with some hope of being saved if a fire should break out.

The life-drill is practiced in case someone should fall over-board. Certain members of the crew are assigned to this duty. The life boats are lowered a few feet, life lines are thrown out, but after watching the performance, I came to the conclusion that dropping over-board for them to experiment on, was something not to be desired—that is, if I wished to see our City and County

Building again. The Pacific is so large and the number of ships that sail on it so few that we did not have the pleasure of meeting any vessel after leaving Honolulu, until within a few miles of the Japan coast.

There was a bright maid of ten summers on the boat, who was constantly asking questions. One day she said to the mate, "Won't you tell me how you find your way across so much water?" The officer replied with a smile, "We have all the waves



The Great Wall, China.

numbered." He noticed the look of disappointment pass over the child's face, and taking her on his knee he explained to her, while her face beamed with joy, the primary rules of sailing a big steamship.

At daybreak we were on the upper deck watching the approach to the shores of the Mikado. First land looks good to us even though it be a rugged coast. We soon enter the broad bay of Yeddo, where we catch the first glimpse of the sacred mountain of Fujiyama,—white-capped, majestic, sublime in its grandeur. We were fortunate in obtaining a good view, for most of the time it is en-

veloped in a maze. Fuji-yama reigns supreme as the peerless mountain of Japan. No picture seems to be perfect without it for a back ground. It has been depicted on china, screen and fan, written in song, story and verse, until it has become famous throughout the whole world. It dominates the landscapes, the sea, and the almost flat surrounding country. It is 12,365 feet in height, and appears even more imposing than it really is. Annually thousands of pilgrims climb its steep sides in the hope of gaining spiritual favor and protection, which is one of the striking characteristics in connection with this Mecca of Japan.

Next we see the artificial islands, with a strong fortress, standing like sentinels to guard the Empire. Once more we were assembled in the dining room for inspection. After a short delay the quarantine launch puffed alongside. The three Japanese officials, dressed in long, green coats elaborately ornamented and with long swords at their sides, looked quite pompous. The passengers were carefully counted but they did not ask us to show our tongues, nor did they

even feel our pulses. It was merely a formality, after our doctor had consulted with the head official. With a clean bill of health we enter the break-waters of Yokohama, and a few minutes later are in the launch, *Relief*, where we soon land at the Hato-ba. We have only twenty-four hours to spend in Yokohama and Tokyo, then the trip to China begins. Elder Elbert Thomas and his charming wife came to Yokohama to meet us. A few hours later we were seated in the comfortable Mission House in Tokyo. Elders



The Loong War Pagoda in Shanghai.

Caine, of Salt Lake, Jensen, of Heber, Utah, and Harris, of Emmet, Idaho, were there to greet us. President Alma O. Taylor had left a few days before for the Hok-kaido branch in company with Elder Hubbard. All are in the best of health, and enjoying their mission to its fullest extent. The parcels and love tokens safely delivered from the dear ones at home, a jinrikisha ride was taken which we especially enjoyed, as the cherry trees were in bloom. Then the last "sayonara," Good-bye, for a few weeks, were said.

We cannot linger longer, for next morning our steamer is to continue her voyage. For the present let us pass by Shidzuoka, one of the great tea centers. Koyoto, the old capital of Japan, Osaka, the Pittsburgh of the Orient, Kobe, with her great harbor, the Inland Sea, with its thousands of Islands mostly green and beautiful. We reach Nagasaki. The port on our voyage will be Shanghai, China, the great cosmopolitan metropolis of the Orient. Only a day intervenes until the thick, muddy water of the Yellow Sea is seen, which is soon blended with the rich blue. It tells us we are fast approaching the most mysterious and probably the oldest Empire in the world. A low, brown line on the water, dark lines of trees, we faintly discern in the distance, also a trail of steamers against the blank sky, that tell us we are nearing the great port. We are soon in sight of the splendid outside harbors, and the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang which looked attractive. In the early morning air, every thing stood out with clear distinctness. A fine launch, the *Alexandra*, met us at the Woosung Bar and we had a fine ride up the Whampoo River for eighteen miles to Shanghai. Mile after mile of ship yards, factories and wharfs line the river banks. Approached from the river, this largest foreign settlement of the Far East, the commercial capital of North China, presents an imposing appearance.

Just before going ashore, a group of tourists,—some of them had encircled the globe several times,—were engaged in animated conversation. At times their talk was loud, but the gist of it all boiled down was, which were the two most cosmopolitan cities in the world? After more discussion, a decision was rendered which was almost unanimous, and the honors, if they may be termed so, were awarded to Shanghai and Constantinople. The capital of Turkey we do not expect to visit so let us inquire into the merits

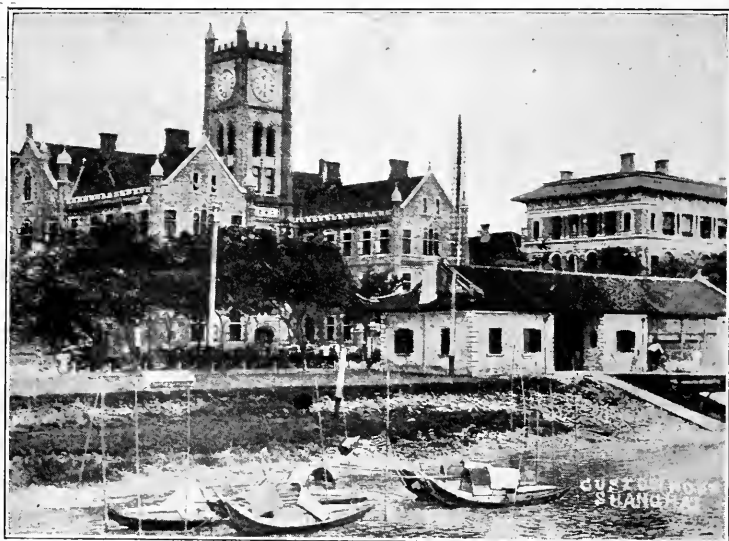
of the case in regard to Shanghai. When it was made a treaty-port, concessions were granted to England, France, and the United States. The districts involved, although component parts of the city, are as distinct as if separated by miles of territory. Each has its own government, its own post office, and is under the jurisdiction of its own mother country. The American post office, until this year, was the only one in existence outside of the United States and her territories, where a letter is sent for two cents, from here to the United States, the same as one from Salt Lake



Separation of English and French Settlement, Shanghai, China.

City to Ogden or Murray. It makes one feel a thrill of homesickness to see Uncle Sam's mail boxes in the hotel and on the street corners. A few minutes walk, rikisha, or wheel-barrow ride, will bring you into the French settlement. Here the life, glitter, and sparkle, reminded one instantly of Paris. Here you see the gendarme with red pants, dark-blue string cap and cape, a long sword at his side, and displaying as much dignity as if on parade in this native metropolis. Why go to London, when you can see a miniature in China? You can hear the sturdy busi-

ness man of old England talking a dialect that is difficult to understand on first acquaintance. You see the children being trundled along the Bund in their perambulators. Their clothing is exactly the same style as if they had just come off the Strand or Piccadilly Circus. A big policeman passed by with firm, steady tread. He is the courteous "bobby," with high helmet and black strap under the chin, and a short staff in his belt. After partaking of a light "tiffin," Lunch, at the hotel, which is known by the old familiar name, "Astor House," we engage our "jinrikisha" pulled



Custom House, Shanghai, China.

by half-naked strapping Chinese coolies. The "rikisha," as Americans call it, is a huge baby carriage; some have rubber tires, and are comfortable to ride in, while others are clumsy, rickety affairs. Our "boys" are ignorant and understand only a few English words, but they can tell the time when you show them your watch. They are engaged by the hour, and you must have the exact change to pay them, when you conclude to dispense with their services; explain the time served, and there will be no difficulty. Now for a trip along the Bund, which is about three miles long. Massive

stone and brick buildings appear on one side, mostly occupied by the consulates, large banking corporations, and offices of the various steamship companies. The other side is the harbor which is now literally covered with junks, their square sails spread with bamboo, gilded ornaments of all color and description, large fierce-looking eyes painted on the bows so they may find their way in the dark. Sampans propelled by a stern oar were so thick at the edge that one could hardly see the water. All is bustle and confusion whether on land or water. Hundreds of "rikishas" dash by us,



Shai Bund, Shanghai.

sometimes so close that there is danger of collision, but they dash to the left and miss us by room enough for a shadow to drop between the wheels. Scores of native barrows, with one large wheel, having rough seats built over it at either side for the accommodation of passengers, are being pushed by sweating, toiling men, who strain and totter as they strive to guide the clumsy vehicle. On one was five men and women of the poorer class, their feet curled under them on the seat, or resting in a loop of rope strung near the ground for the purpose. There are bales of cot-

ton, sometimes six feet high, vegetables and fruits, and in one were four black pigs which grunted contentedly as they were being wheeled along to market. But let us for a moment look at the commercial side of China.

To begin with, in order that the exporters and manufacturers of the United States may partially understand the extent of the great and vast empire of China, and the unlimited possibilities of its trade for Uncle Sam, a few facts for consideration are necessary. The Chinese empire covers an area of almost four million square miles, the circuit of the boundaries are 14,000 miles, the population of this empire is over four hundred and two millions, which is greater than that of Russia, Great Britain, Germany, France, Japan, and the United States combined. The above are all Chinese, with the exception of a few foreigners who are in business in the seaports of China, and the missionaries who are mostly in the interior. If every inhabitant bought a cents' worth of flour per day, our mills and wheat fields would be unable to supply the demand. Our trade in that line is constantly increasing, most of the flour being shipped here from the states of Washington and Oregon. It is noticeable that the Chinese are rapidly becoming liberal buyers and users of foreign goods, and the immense population will result in the creation of a mighty traffic. Germany and Great Britain are fiercely competing for the trade, solely in the interest of their manufacturers, while we are sitting supinely by, being contented to control a large portion of the flour, cotton, and oil trade. What we need is agencies in every port, with live up-to-date salesmen, chuckfull of sunshine and ginger, to spread our wonderful inventions through this vast Empire. The gigantic conflict of the Powers in the far East having ceased, all is now peace and good will. Not only China, Manchuria, Korea, Japan, and the Philippines, but, in short, the entire Orient have become the battleground of a peaceful and beneficial struggle between the commercial nations of the world to share in the trade and to develop the resources of these regions. The commercial organizations of Germany, France, Belgium, Great Britain, and all the other great trading nations of Europe are alive to the importance of securing an early and firm foothold in the Orient.

Shanghai is certainly the coming city, from a commercial standpoint, for a huge slice of import as well as export trade. It is now the distributing center for a portion of South China, all of Central China, and most of North China. A railroad was opened to traffic in February, 1908, from Pekin to Hankow, and is now being extended to Canton, which, when finished, will make Shanghai the undisputed gateway to the Celestial empire.

Shanghai, China.

JERUSALEM.

On beholding the city from Jericho and the Dead Sea.

How beautiful art thou, Jerusalem, fair city of our God!
Mount Zion, city of the Great King; how rejoiced I am to see thee once again.

In fancy I behold the temple grand
Upon Moriah's noble brow; its dome
Of glittering gold stands forth in splendor
Against the sky; fills with admiration
All who may wand'ring see God's Israel;
In the holy of holies see his face—
Burn incense to his great, almighty Name.
A God of war he champions them. A God
Of peace encircleth them on every side.
He hath triumphant made them kings of war,
A gentle symphony, their vales of peace—
And in the vexing nations fear doth fall.

The scene is changed: O God, thine anger turn
Away! Forget thy people's sins; hear thou
Their cries; their wails beside the senseless stones
Worn smooth with fervent kisses and their tears.
No Jewish foot does ever press the ground
Above; where once their temples proudly stood
Shines now the crescent in the glistening sun,
A challenge to the Cross. Jehovah dwells not there!
O'er stranger altars Baal is God.
In vain thy people raise their eyes to heav'n
And supplicate. Until thou biddest them
They may not come. Not always say thou "Nay!"

Remember thou the name writ on thy hands—
The covenant that riseth from the dust.
Let tears efface; they have paid twice the wage
Of sin; have suffered o'er and o'er. Heed him
Who pleads, "Forgive!" Ere yet the crimson tide
O'erflows, grant satisfied guilt's awful law.

Again the scene is changed. The Temple stands
Grand as of yore. Gate Beautiful is there,
That glistening sea of glass—like liquid gold
Before Jehovah's throne—interpreter
Of all the acts of men, the universe
Declares, unfolds the secrets of the world,
And he, who suffered death's pangs on the cross,
Possessing power, all power in heaven and earth,
Before his Father owneth them—none lost—
He gave him for his own out of the world.
See every knee doth bow and tongue confess
That Jesus is the Christ, Redeemer, God,
Who was, and is and will be evermore.

Look once again: a glory not of earth
Enwraps the scene. Eternal light hath come,
Intensifying all the splendor known—
Transcending all the brilliance ever seen—
A glittering, burning, wondrous glow, it rests
Upon the temple's dome, and glorifies
All things without, within. Now poesy
And prophecy abound, and with the loud,
Triumphant chant, "Hosanna to the King,"
Blend silvery notes of crystal lyre and harp,
Amid the hallelujahs of the choir,
And with the glorious strains they chant, "Worthy
The Lamb! He lives again who once was slain."
Exultant songs float o'er the heavenly way—
Through all the temples jeweled courts resound,
The echoes swell, "Worthy, worthy the Lamb!
Worthy the Lamb, forevermore. Amen!"

LYDIA D. ALDER.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

ST. PAUL'S COMPANIONS IN ROME.

BY COL. R. M. BRYCE-THOMAS.

XI.—CLEMENT.

St. Paul in writing from Rome to the Philippians speaks in chapt. 4: 3 of Clement as having been one of his fellow-laborers when he was at Philippi. He has been classed as one of the early Apostolic Fathers, and is known both as St. Clement and as Clemens Romanus who was traditionally third Bishop of Rome about A. D. 91 or 92. This tradition is supported by such early writers as Origen, Jerome, and Eusebius. Dr. Macduff describes him as an illustrious convert of royal blood, and a member of the noble family of the Ancii. His full names were Titus Flavius Clemens, but he must not be confounded with Flavius Clemens of Alexandria, otherwise known as Clemens Alexandrinus, who lived a century afterwards, and one of whose pupils was the great Origen. Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, does not hold with Dr. Macduff in respect to the royal lineage of Clement, but believes that he had been once liberated from a state of bondage and set free, as was not uncommonly the case in those days, and that he was an esteemed subordinate in the house of Flavius Clemens, the cousin of the Emperor Titus Flavius Domitianus Augustus, commonly known as Domitian, and equally well known as the great persecutor of Christians.

Clemens Romanus was one of the most prominent men of his day. A number of writings which bear his name are extant, but some of them are now supposed to have been spurious productions. Two epistles to the Corinthians are, however, still attributed to him. He was a man of great ability and force of genius, and Dr. Macduff tells us that in person and character he was described by

one of the Fathers of the 2nd century as "a man replete with all knowledge, and most skilful in the liberal arts."

Clemens, or Clement, is said to have been of a speculative and thoughtful turn of mind, and early in his life serious misgivings seem to have assailed him in regard to the immortality of the soul, and the life to come. Dr. Macduff, in writing of him in this connection, tells us how eagerly Clement sought for human aid in every direction in order to obtain some satisfactory solution to the questions that were at that time causing him to undergo so serious a mental conflict, and how eventually, when all the learning of men had proved useless, he found that solution to his difficulties in the gospel of Christ which he had sought elsewhere to no purpose. The Doctor says "In vain he betook himself to the various schools of philosophy, he only felt bewildered amid their sophistries and disputations, he even resorted to the magicians of Alexandria in hopes that by their arts and incantations they might be able to conjure some human spirit back from the invisible world to solve the questions upon which he found the most reputed oracles on earth were dumb. Meanwhile he heard the tidings that the Son of God had appeared in Judæa, he listened to the glorious revelations of the Prophet of Galilee from the lips of his servants in the Roman capital, his doubts were dissolved, and he embraced the truth."

Clement is said to have been the first bearer of the glad tidings to the city of Metz, which then in importance and population was one of the chief towns of France. He lived through the persecution of Domitian, and died a martyr's death under Trajan who, it is said, became jealous of his growing influence, and banished him to the Chersonesus, where, degraded to the condition of a slave and with the felon's brand on his forehead, he had to work in the mines and quarries. At length, in A. D. 100, with an anchor attached to his neck he was thrown into the sea. The body, it is said, was afterwards recovered and taken to Rome, where it was buried.

XII.—PUDENS.

Among Paul's friends at Rome must not be omitted the wealthy patrician, Pudens, otherwise known as Rufus. As, however, a suf-

ficiently detailed sketch of this noble-minded man, who by the marriage of his father, Pudentinus, to St. Paul's Roman mother, Priscilla, became connected to the great Apostle himself, has already appeared in the author's article "The closing years of St. Paul's life in Rome" (see Vol. X, No. 9, of the ERA), nothing further than a mention of him as one of the Apostle's Roman friends is here necessary.

CONCLUSION.

In bringing to a conclusion these sketches of St. Paul's companions in Rome, the following few reflections would seem to suggest themselves. The general character of the Apostle himself has, it is believed, been sufficiently portrayed in the writer's former article above alluded to, but it is a trite saying that one learns to know much of an individual by knowing something of his closest friends and associates, and these sketches therefore of St. Paul's companions would seem to be an appropriate adjunct to the life of the Apostle himself. A study of his friends and companions exhibits St. Paul to us in all his deep fellow-feeling, and kindly benevolence. Like the good Samaritan, we find him full of the milk of human kindness, while his broad sympathies seem ever to have attracted to himself men of all sorts and conditions of life, and often of very diverse idiosyncracies.

The friendship which these sketches have shown to have existed between the great Apostle and his companions was no mere sentiment, no hollow form, no mere platonic benevolence or toleration, but a deep and earnest love, and a sincere desire to do good to one another without any sense of favor or advantage. It made self-sacrifice a pleasure and all duty delightful. Such friendships were doubtless God-given gifts to each, and they consequently brought joy not only to the loving hearts themselves but also to the loved ones. Friendships such as these must ever tend to the development of all that is best in the human heart, and, as has been remarked by more than one writer, lift one up from the love of one's fellow-man to the love of a kind and gracious Father in Heaven. The mundane distinctions of education and social position can in no way affect the true character of Christian love, and so we find real friendship displayed in its most attractive form

between such men as St. Paul and the runaway criminal slave Onessimus, or between the bold, zealous, and highly gifted Apostle and some of his more timorous and less educated Asiatic associates. These men lived up in full to the standard laid down by our Lord,—“By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another” (John 13: 35), and it was the exhibition of such friendships as those described in these sketches that drew from the astonished pagans of the time the remark, “See how these Christians love one another.”

[THE END.]

Pas De Calais, France.

APHORISMS.

True religion elevates, strengthens, and sweetens character, giving tone to our every act, showing individuality and reliability.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, a person no stronger than his weakest characteristic.

The devil will not be bound until we have overcome all of our false habits and appetites.

There cannot be a counterfeit without a genuine first. A righteous person was never known to simulate wickedness, but often a wicked person simulates righteousness.

After having prayed for what we think we need, the moment we arise let us set about to fulfil the prayer to the best of our ability, depending upon the Lord to supplement what we are lacking.

The golden opportunity to do right is ever present.

I. N. FLETCHER.

INTERPRETATION OF THE FAUST DRAMA.

BY KATIE GROVER.

The Prologue in Heaven, with which the Faust drama opens, furnishes a key to the plot of the play. It clearly indicates what is to be the final outcome of the struggle.

The Lord declares, though Faust serve him but poorly now, ere long he will receive the light; for when the tree shows signs of life, the gardener knows that blossoms and fruit will follow.

Mephistopheles is introduced as a humorous wag whose office is to spur men to activity for their own good, and thus help the Lord in his divine work. He does not care for dead men's souls, but would like permission to lead them his way while they still live. He is confident that he can make Faust enjoy a low, sensual life. "I will make him eat dust with pleasure," he declares.

The Lord gives his consent, but prophesies that Mephistopheles will fail in the attempt. "You are free to do as you please," he tells him. "Drag this spirit from its lofty heights, and if you get possession of it, you can drag it with you on your downward path, then stand ashamed when you are forced to confess that a good man in his dark strivings has still a consciousness of the right way."

"He will not feel so, long," returns Mephistopheles. "I have no fear; but when I have gained my end, you must not deny me the joy of triumphing over you."

It is not intended that Mephistopheles shall succeed. So long as man strives he is not past redemption. Faust is a man of high aspirations, and a man who tries to do right, but just now is groping about in the dark. Though he may stumble and falter many times, God will have a watchful care over him so long as he

has a conscience that tells him that he errs. The obnoxious weeds of sin may flourish for a time, but the seeds of truth and purity can never be wholly lost.

We see in Faust a man in the prime of life, endowed with youth, beauty, intellectuality, and lofty aspirations. Though well taught in the sciences, he is ever striving to penetrate still further. There are many problems which remain unsolved by him, and this vexes and discourages him. There is an inward craving for something higher,—a high ideal beyond his reach. The limits of the earth seem narrow and commonplace. He longs to free himself from his fetters and be free to fly from sphere to sphere. He has tried various processes only to turn from them all with increasing restlessness and dissatisfaction.

How weary, flat, stale and unprofitable
Seem all the uses of this world!
The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets. And the worm
In its limited vision, is happier far
Than the half-sage, whose course, fixed by no friendly star
Is by each star distracted in turn, and who knows
Each will still be as distant wherever he goes.

Wearied, unsatisfied and disheartened, Faust sits in his study pondering over his empty life. Surely death is preferable to such a miserable existence. Driven to the extremity of despair and recklessness, he thinks to end all by suicide. But just as the poison is raised to his lips, the sweet strains of the glad Easter music fall on his ear, reminding him of his happy youth when he was perfectly contented in his religious faith. He bursts into tears and lets the cup fall to the ground.

While Faust is in this terribly unsettled and depressed state of mind, Mephistopheles thinks it a fitting opportunity to make his appearance. He paints in glowing colors the beauty and pleasure to be found in the world, and advises Faust to throw off the cares and trials of the petty life he is leading and become one of the world. If he will do so, Mephistopheles says he will attend him and be his servant.

Faust has become desperate. "Of what use is all this lofty striving?" he asks bitterly. "It brings nothing in return but pain and disappointment." He does not expect to enjoy what is now so temptingly offered to him, but it may divert him for a season. He accepts the offer, but tells Mephistopheles that there must be no end to the experiences and that one excitement must follow quickly upon another, that he may not be made weary by monotony. The bargain is made, and Mephistopheles pledges to be Faust's servant in this life, on condition that Faust serve him in the next world. Faust is quite certain that he will soon weary of the transaction, hence it is with perfect confidence in himself that he says:

"If ever I shall lie down satisfied; if ever you can delude me into thinking that I am happy; if ever you can cheat me with enjoyment; if ever I shall say to the passing moment, 'Tarry! thou art so fair,'—then you may lay me in fetters; then may the death-bell sound, and time for me be no more."

Faust surely would not have made such a terrible promise had he not perfect faith that he would never see such a time; while Mephistopheles had equal confidence that he would succeed. Neither was certain that he would win, nor could they form any conclusion as to what the final outcome would be. The Lord alone could tell, and it does not seem reasonable to suppose that he would have so willingly consented to Mephistopheles' bargain had he not had perfect confidence that Faust's nature would yet gain the mastery over his weaker self.

He may drink the cup of sin to the dregs, he may stand on the very abyss of hell: but just as long as there is an inner striving to break loose from this bondage, and a consciousness of his wrong doing, so long will the Lord not lose sight of him. Faust may try to flatter himself that he believes not in God, he may say:

Farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear;
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good.

But the voice of conscience cannot be hushed. These moments of repentance and remorse come to him, time and again,

after he enters upon his downward course. He cannot forget the right way, although he has chosen the wrong.

When he is tempted to rob maidenhood of its virginal purity, he flees from temptation into the mountains. This communion with Nature exalts and purifies him, and takes away all evil desires. Solitude soothes and brings him to himself. Again the good is uppermost. But the tempter seeks him out and works on his compassion by representing how Margaret pines for him.

Faust makes one desperate effort to resist the evil, then finally gives up with the despairing cry:

"Hell, thou wilt have this victim! but what must be done let it be done quickly. Let her doom fall upon me, and we will go down to perdition together."

But when the wrong is done, and he looks upon his work of ruin, his soul sickens and we find him still capable of the acutest suffering. As we leave the damp, gloomy dungeon with Faust and his evil genius, Mephistopheles, the despairing cry of poor Margaret thrills us with its woe. Mephistopheles has led his victim through the whole circle of creation, down to the depth of perdition, but Faust has never yet felt perfect joy or satisfaction in any of the experiences which he has passed through.

In completing part one of the drama, we feel that there is something yet to come—that though Faust is now a wanderer in the dark, the Lord will fill his part of the contract and again lead him into the light. From the prologue in heaven we are led to believe that Faust is to be sorely tempted, but that the Lord will finally redeem and guide the weary wanderer home.

When Faust, in the conclusion of the first part of the drama, is led from the prison and borne away by Mephistopheles, we are still left in doubt as to the final outcome. We had expected to witness the glory and triumph of the Lord and his heavenly hosts over the redemption of Faust's soul, therefore the full solution of the problem is yet to be solved.

When the great ship of life, surviving, though shattered, the tumult and strife
Of earth's angry elements,—masts broken short,
Decks drenched, bulwarks beaten—drives safe into port,
When the Pilot of Galilee, seen on the strand,
Stretches over the waters a welcoming hand,

When, heeding no longer the sea's baffled roar,
The mariner turns to his rest evermore;
What will then be the answer the helmsman must give?
Not—How fared the soul through the trials he passed?
But—*What is the state of that soul at the last?*

Salt Lake City, Utah.

A THOUGHT.

(For the Improvement Era.)

In storm oft encompassed—my radiance dark-veiled,
With the triumph of races my mission and part—
I have souls at my waiting as worlds for their light—
Aye, broader than earth is the span of my flight,
And behold my abode! it is only a heart.

I speak not alone in the strophes of song,
In the passioned revealings of finger-pulsed strings,
Not alone in the symmetry graven of stone,
Nor hue-burnished canvas—not there, not alone;
Yet these have I touched with the flame of my wings.

But the landscape may harbor a pestilent stain,
The mask waste to sand and the harpsichord rust—
Fruition of earth, fleeting embers of time;
Whilst the gates of Infinitude open with mine,
And outlasting the stars, I forever am Trust.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE SECOND GREAT COMMANDMENT.

BY SAMUEL PIXTON.

I recently heard a prominent business man of a western city say, concerning another of the same place, "I would rather have that man's word than his bond."

This unsolicited remark made such an impression upon my mind that I have wondered whether it could be true at this present state of scientific greed and commercial turmoil. Is it possible that one man can place undisturbed confidence in another and receive a reciprocal dependence? How many mutualities of this description can be proved to be sterling among the thousand business tricks and tricksters that flood the highways of the industrial centers of our nation? In short, is the standard of moral ethics and justice weakened or strengthened by the present get-rich-quick system of doing things; the hurly-burly method of every day life, which is working its way into too many homes where a love of God and of correct living should be cherished?

Each person who, because of his station, is compelled to breast the stream of life for a livelihood, should unquestionably swim rather than drift; for Seneca has wisely said "Adversity is virtues opportunity." 'Tis by rising above the adversities of life that we grow strong, and as the butterfly passes through its different metamorphic stages of progress, so likewise, although to greater degrees, does man. It is only where this evolution is properly supplemented by the never-tiring habit of introspection as to a moral justice to God and to man, that the condition of dependence to which I have referred, exists.

If the man of today is going to live the life laid down by the greatest Teacher of all, he must at the outset obliterate from his

panoramic view of life essentials, those which are worldly and which hover around the hand of charity so closely that the latter is seldom seen to the naked eye. And instead of a feeling of true brotherly love, and the uplifting hand of grace and good will, being guiding-rails to our every act, they are heedlessly bent down and trampled under the feet of the maddened crowd, which is starving for speedier means by which to hasten to its goal of greed and misery. If wealth is the aim in this probation, and brotherly love is a meaningless term, why worry about your or your neighbor's good deeds? Why believe a man honest until he proves himself otherwise, he might entangle you for a life-time before you suspect him? Why exhibit perfect dependence in public integrity which is almost a sham? Just so far as wealth is the aim, just that far is brotherly love deficient. The ideal life should be void of desire for worldly gain except as an aid. And so long as gold is used as an aid it fills its purpose well.

If we are to expect any amount of real happiness in this life, we cannot afford to forget the second great commandment, "love thy neighbor as thyself;" but rather think occasionally of our debt to our Maker and to society, which will banish any egoistic tendency from a rational being. Why pray for mercy and the Spirit of God, when we have a feeling of selfishness and covetousness burning within us? Do we think the Lord can justly bless us, if we have a penny in our pocket, and would not share it with a starving brother? "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of mine, ye do it also unto me." This the Savior said.

Can we afford to sacrifice any degree of an eternal inheritance, for a few paltry dollars, which can be used only for earthly praise or bodily comfort?

Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of the soul.
Who steals my purse, steals trash;
'Tis something, nothing, 'twas mine, 'tis his,
And has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him
But makes me poor indeed.

Salt Lake City, Utah

MISERY.

BY GEORGE GARDNER.

There are men on whose heads we see the stamp of misery. Among such are men who wear the cold and rigid armor of appearance.

Who are they that freeze their own blood and smother their own life?

They are "grafters."

Those who go among friends to swindle. Those who deceive people who trusted them. Those who cheat people who have clothed and fed them.

Such people wear a shield, and try to appear just. Evil thirsts for respect. To see this respect drying up is terrible to them; just as terrible as it is for those who are choking to see their water fail. The evil envy the innocent who are respected. They cannot be innocent, so they steal the garments of innocence; but find them ill-fitting and burdensome. They are in misery wearing them; but are afraid to take them off. They live a life of perpetual falsehood and suffer unknown torture. To think evil and speak good is indeed a burden. Such a life of contradiction is the fate of "grafters." They have to serve a good exterior, to be always presentable, while they foam in secret. They have to smile while grinding their teeth—such an armor smothers them, it is stifling. It is a place they long to leave, but dare not.

To have to appear honest, while premeditating a wicked act; to brood over secret infamy seasoned with outward respect; to have continually to be telling falsehoods to make former statements seem true; to always deceive and never be one's self,—is misery.

To be compelled to dip the brush into a black soul to produce with it a good reputation. To make crimes appear innocent, to make a deformed life look beautiful and innocent, to make people believe that wrongs are just acts of kindness—is a burdensome task, and these slaves that are compelled to perform it grow weary.

To put sugar with poison, to have to drink this to make it appear pure; to bridle every gesture, keep watch over every word that it will not contradict a previous one, not even to have a countenance of one's own—what can be harder, what can be more torturing?

They seem to believe that they deserve to succeed.

They hate the man to whom they have to lie.

They love no one. 'Tis a gloomy light that illuminates their soul.

“To him there is no sun, no glorious summers, no brilliant skies, no fresh April dawns.” For him is only misery.

Pine Valley, Utah.



[Photo by Geo. Albert Smith.]

Ancient Aztec Ruins and Indian Fort, near Pinedale Meetinghouse, Arizona.

ARE WE DRIFTING, OR GOING HEADLONG TO DESTRUCTION?

BY PRESIDENT JOHN L. HERRICK OF THE WESTERN STATES MISSION.

In considering a theme for a little talk forming a part of the Independence Day exercises at Denver, on the 5th of July last, these words came prominently to my mind, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and among these are, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

In reviewing the thoughts in the text, and elaborating on the lives of some of the illustrious patriots who were instrumental in writing the inspired Declaration of Independence, as well as those who have ever been ready to maintain and uphold its sanctity, the conviction irresistibly grew upon me that we have serious need to-day, (in the light of recent disclosures purporting to emanate from the great colleges of this country), to regard the famous document with jealous admiration, and view with feelings of alarm, the well-nigh revolutionary sentiment that is almost daily being brought to bear upon, at least, a considerable number of the 229,000 students who are attending, in the aggregate, 493 higher institutions of learning, from one end of this land to the other, that the Declaration of Independence is but a "work in spectacular rhetoric," and citing Democracy as a failure.

Spectacular rhetoric, indeed! As well say the battles fought and the blood spilled by the Revolutionary fathers, was in a false cause, when, as a matter of fact, all enlightened peoples have acknowledged their efforts to have been guided by a divine Providence. If such teaching is not minimizing to a degree the generally accepted theory that God himself had a hand in forming the destinies of this land; hurling defiance at and scorning the idea

of a government by the people, then, what is it, pray? And if such be the case, is it not requisite and timely that steps be taken, or better still, that individual effort be constantly on the alert, to counteract such dogmas?

Not content with attacking the divine aspect of the forming of the fundamental principles of this most favored land, but now comes the almost unbelievable teaching from no less distinguished an educator than Prof. Wm. G. Sumner, of Yale, that "ethical (or moral) notions are mere figments of speculation," and "unrealities that ought to be discarded altogether." Fancy the far-reaching effect of such a doctrine, coming as it does from so high a source. Imagine, if you will, the consequences of our abandoning, or lessening even, the moral code in this country. For is it not strikingly apparent that in far too many localities, altogether, the moral status is at the present time not over exact at best, and to reduce its effectiveness would at least be most disastrous, since the moral standard of a nation is generally conceived to be a supreme test of its greatness and effectiveness, as a potent factor for good or ill.

But not to be outdone by the so-called advanced (and erratic) ideas of men professing the "higher education," affecting the religious and political aspect of the nation, there are those who stand ready to insiduously, or may be openly, attack the sanctity of the underlying principles of the home, by asserting, as does a prominent professor of Columbia, "it is not right to set up a technical legal relationship, as morally superior to the spontaneous preference of man or woman." And this, too, from an equally noted professor of the University of Chicago, "there can be, and are holier alliances without the marriage bond than within it." Think of it! America! Divinely inspired, divinely protected by the laws of eternal justice and equality; the haven of refuge for the down-trodden and oppressed of all nations, boasting of the purity of its homes, now to countenance a system of marital relationship that would undoubtedly bring untold degradation and misery to its people! It is unbelievable, and is fervently hoped that such despicable theories may not only not be given credence, but effectually frowned down by the American people.

Here we have three of the most vital and fundamental prin-

ciples, aye, even the corner stones of this great nation, *viz.*, its political economy, its religion, and the home, most persistently assailed by those professing great knowledge; and if such teachings continue without interruption, and against the decided protest of an enlightened people, another decade will, I firmly believe, find this the greatest of all nations under heaven, trembling in the balance between progression and decadence, with the chances very much favoring the latter.

Most pertinently does Emerson say, "the very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization."

And well may we exclaim, "Are we drifting, or going headlong to destruction?"

Denver, Colo.



Photo by David B. Anderson.

In the Uintah's—One of the Three Lakes at the head of Lakes Fork.



HON. MOSES THATCHER,
Born February 2, 1842; Died August 21, 1909. (See page 1006.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOCIAL CONDUCT.

A correspondent of the ERA thinks that "among the needs of our people (meaning the Latter-day Saints) that have not been given proper attention, is the teaching of the simple, essential rules of social conduct." Our correspondent is a bright young man who, being neglected by his father, began early to drift away from the Church, but who was checked in his outward way by a strange incident associated with the death of one of his sisters, who visited him in spirit, almost immediately after her death which occurred far away from her home. This strange circumstance started him to reflect seriously upon his religion, and he returned to the Church to become a useful member, for his own happiness and salvation, if he remain faithful to the end.

In regard to the social conduct of our people, he tells us of his own experience among them, and concludes that through years of such experience, in many states where our people reside, especially in the smaller communities, "our people need education along the line of essential rules of social conduct." He says: "In several years' rambling over the continent and periods of short residence in 'Mormon' communities, I have noticed quite a number of fundamental rules of society almost entirely ignored by many Latter-day Saints." Then he mentions some instances in his own life. He was a school teacher in a good "Mormon" town, and later principal of the school. Many of the people had known him and his folks, but in the two years of active work in local affairs while there, he was invited into private homes only three times. A non-"Mormon" lived in a rented room with him. People seemed to like them, as they generally like teachers, and were in

public generally sociable and considerate, but he complains that few or none considered the life they led—all alone—month after month without the brotherly association which we all need. He admits that this coldness manifested was partly his fault. He excuses himself because he was young and partly drifting away from religion, but for which reason he justly reasons that he needed even more attention from those who possessed greater wisdom and a wider experience. He also mentions that several people there, not of the faith of the Latter-day Saints, had often spoken to him of how exclusive the residents were in their home life.

He refers to another occasion at a later date, when he spent two or three years in a town outside of Utah where two-thirds of the population were Latter-day Saints, the others being from the Eastern States. He complains that here, though his position demanded a wide mutual acquaintance, not any of the Latter-day Saints, for the first two years, ever showed him the hospitality of their homes. He says that at this time he was a member of no church, but the kind treatment, brotherly attention and consideration of a social nature would have had a wonderful effect for good. He needed, not intimacy, but that hearty hand of fellowship which lifts up the despondent, the morose and the unhappy, and at the same time loses nothing for the giver. On the other hand, the spirit among the Eastern people was more hospitable and many of them made him feel at home, though he knew none of them intimately.

From these two instances, it appears that he would criticise that alleged exclusiveness among our people that disregards the young man or stranger who takes no part in our religious gatherings or organizations—a kind of social ostracism which drives good young people who are indifferent to our cause, even though born among us, or are strangers in our midst, out of our society or away from our people. Whereas, if we were mindful of the simple, essential rules of social conduct, these people could be converted to our cause, or at least to feel unprejudiced and at home among us. And the question may well be asked: We spend millions in seeking converts in the world outside of the Gathering, why not seek them at home, or at least show them these little social formalities that are prime requisites for good living and

good society? These are questions that the Committee on Social Affairs, which we hope to see appointed in every Mutual Improvement association in the Church, may carefully consider, and I hope decide and work out for the instruction of the people, and for the best good of the cause and all concerned.

Our correspondent names several other instances which involve a lack of consideration in calling upon strangers who come into communities, and upon emigrants who come from the old country; in ministering to those who are ill; in welcoming visitors into our cities and settlements, and showing courtesy to the stranger, provided he is a desirable citizen. Our various organizations, the priesthood, and the membership of the Church in general, may well ponder these statements, and remember that a consideration and practice of the best proprieties make brotherhood more valuable and genuine, and elevate the social conditions. It would prevent many immigrants from being led away from the path of virtue and good conduct, and from becoming dissatisfied with the Church and their surroundings. It would take away much of the sadness and loneliness of our earth-journey, and help human nature to tide over the dreary places along the pathway of life. Social amenities elevate all who study and practice them.

There is another and an opposite phase of the matter which our friend also calls attention to, and that is placing extreme confidence in the stranger, which passes beyond hospitality, and becomes intimacy before a thorough knowledge is obtained of his character. This is as great a fault as coolness, and is perhaps a greater breach of social amenities and the necessary rules of community life.

He calls attention to the fact that the Latter-day Saints are "notoriously hospitable. I have never found a people who could equal them in their liberality," he exclaims, "and yet in their goodness they forget the little things, as well as the larger ones, to their own and others' detriment." He adds, rather incongruously, that "strangers are often taken into their homes and given every liberty, and then, in after time, parents wonder why their sons and daughters become attached to the non-Mormons." There is a wide difference between intimacy and the practice of the essential rules of good society; between courtesy and intimacy,

between right and wrong conduct, which, from lack of social education, many fail to comprehend to the detriment of their own welfare and the happiness of their fellows. There should be a fine discrimination in these things, and extremes should be avoided. It is well-balanced, wisdom-guided acts that should characterize our conduct. "Young ladies," he says, "should remember that a formal introduction by a mere friend to some total stranger, for the evening's dance, is not to be considered an introduction that makes such acquaintance permanent," although no gentleman should introduce anyone to a lady who is not worthy of her permanent acquaintance. "It is the lady's duty or privilege to recognize the formal acquaintance first, and his privilege to speak or raise the hat only after she has recognized him." There is as much impropriety in being too free and intimate, as in being too reserved, discourteous, seclusive and cold. Well-balanced conduct is best and always proper.

This subject is worthy of due consideration, and we should all remember that the aim of the Latter-day Saints is to follow the injunction that, if there is anything lovely or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things; and we believe in doing good to all men.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

CLOSE OF VOLUME TWELVE.

With this number another volume of the IMPROVEMENT ERA comes to an end. We begin the new year of the ERA under very favorable conditions. The editors are thankful to the many writers who have contributed to make the past volume a success in a literary way; and to hosts of young men in the settlements of the Saints who, by their labors, have made it financially possible to print such a splendid magazine as the ERA has been in the past. We solicit a continuation of these efforts, and promise to add our mite to make the magazine better and more desirable than ever in the year to come.

Since the ERA is the official organ of the priesthood quorums, we solicit the co-operation of the presidents of stakes and bishops

to aid the young men in obtaining subscriptions for the new volume. The canvass for subscriptions is in the care of the Y. M. M. I. A., whose officers will appoint agents in each ward to act for our magazine. The priesthood should support them heartily by responding when solicited to subscribe. The ward and stake authorities may also greatly assist the cause by seeing that this work is properly attended to, and by saying a good word in public for the ERA, as opportunity affords. A glance at the prospectus in this number, showing the special features of the next volume, will, we believe, convince you that the contents of the coming volume will meet the requirements of all who are especially interested, as well as the approval of the general reader. Doctrine, travel, descriptive matter, religious essays, stories, scientific and miscellaneous articles by our foremost writers, will find place in the pages of the ERA. We hope to make it worth while for all who desire clean, home literature. The illustrations, which are a well-liked feature of the magazine, will be carefully selected with a view to interest and instruct, and only the best reading to be obtained will be admitted to its pages. It is safe to place the ERA in the hands of the young people. We aim to make its literature inspiring and uplifting.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Standing on the hearthstone of the home where the Prophet Joseph was born, President Ben E. Rich, of the Eastern States mission, with thirty-six elders, organized the Vermont conference at Sharon, Windsor Co., Vermont, on July 24, 1909. It was an event of great significance. There was a feast prepared by Elder Junius F. Wells, and the day was spent in games, a program in honor of the Utah pioneers, and at 7:30 the conference was organized.

The elders of the Northern states Mission have lately visited Lamoni, Iowa, headquarters of the Reorganized church. They were sadly disappointed, after reading the literature of that church about Lamoni, their headquarters, to find it a village of 1,500 people. The mud was hub deep, and there was an old time town pump in a principal cross-street—a signal of anything but progressiveness. Togo is the railway station, the population consisting of the agent and his wife, and Lamoni is three miles distant. There are two hotels in Lamoni, but neither would do credit to a town half the size, in Utah, fifty years ago. The only hall

in town was condemned as a fire trap, so the elders asked for the Reorganite meetinghouse, which seats about 1,200 people, and obtained it for four nights, June 14, 15, 16, and 18.

There were 16 elders who enjoyed a most interesting and profitable week, which, however, was one of great anxiety to Heman C. Smith and other leaders of the Reorganites who were kept anxious to know what was coming next—and they are not beginners as diplomats. Our elders were well posted, and acted as one man, thus beating them at every turn by good generalship. Heman C. tried to draw them away from the history of the Reorganite organization, and get them to answer questions, but the elders steadfastly delivered their message and carried out their plans. Written questions, however, were answered at the close of each meeting. Monday night one thousand people attended and heard the elders discuss the restoration of the gospel. On Tuesday more were present. The elders spoke on how people obtain misunderstanding of others, citing their own knowledge of the great work of the Latter-day Saints as learned from prejudiced men so full of hate that they lovingly hug a lie and tell it as the truth. At least 75 per cent of the hearers were in sympathy with what was said. One of the elders then spoke briefly on the misrepresentations that brought Johnston's army to Utah; and on the Mountain Meadow massacre, until they acknowledged that their view on these points did not do justice to such splendid-spirited men as they found our elders to be. On the questions of blood atonement and polygamy they were told that no man among us believes in these doctrines, according to their conception of them, and further, the Reorganites are not in a position to learn the truth about them. The elders sang a quartette, "O My Father," by request of the aged people in the audience, many of whom wiped tears away when the song was finished, and many voices cried, "thank you, thank you." At the close of the meeting they said it was the same old spirit they felt in England, and the same sweet song. We learned later that those aged people were chided for requesting it.

On Wednesday night baptism for the dead and temple work were the topics treated, and they were forcibly presented and well received. Many of the members are growing restless, lest the ambition of their early membership should not be realized before they are called to meet their loved ones on the other side. Twelve questions were asked us, and the elders answered them in ten minutes on Friday night.

By this time Heman C. was very nervous and he occupied Thursday night in giving abuse, his general stock in trade. He did it so poorly that a number of his people told the elders they had never heard "Brother Heman C. so muffled in speech in his life, nor seen him when he had such a hard time to explain himself." One man said he could not find his books, let alone something to talk about. The contrast was so great in spirit that it did our cause good.

On Friday night the elders treated authority, not once mentioning the "Reorganization." They referred to some fair-weather Saints who had not the courage to follow the Church in the hour of trial, but who stood behind, yielded to and curried favor with their enemies, and even joined them in misrepresenting the Saints. They referred to Marks, Gurley and Briggs, and appealed to their reason concerning the uncertainty of such unstable characters to ordain a "Prophet."

The elders of the Reorganites seemed disturbed at our elders visiting the people in their homes.

"The majority of the people welcomed us," says the report written by one of our elders, "and many seemed overjoyed, begging us to come again. Some said they were growing tired of being bulldozed by a few men, chief among them being Heman C. Smith. It has been a practice to flag our gathering Saints, who have lingered by the way to make money, and tell them that, 'The Prophet of the Lord is Joseph Smith, and he lives in Iowa and not in Utah.' A number of such people who were deceived said they would gladly leave, if they could dispose of their property. It was reported that the authorities hinder people in selling their property. Some told us they still felt that they belonged to us, never having been baptized into any other church.

"The tracts distributed were Morgan's No. 2, 'Plan of Salvation,' and 'Baptism for the Dead,' by Joseph F. Smith, Jr., and 'Corner Stones of Reorganization,' we having first corrected the error on Z. H. Gourley. They admitted their own *Church History* was indefinite on this point from which we were led into error. We, however, acknowledge with thanks Brother Joseph F. Jr.'s line calling attention to it. The points on Marks, Gurley and Briggs from the *Herald* seemed to stagger them, and if these are answered it will be later. They did not approach them in their meetings nor in the last issue of the *Herald*.

"Some of their elders asked us about debate, so, just as their Sunday night meeting was closing, we handed them a note saying if they wished a discussion we were prepared to name a committee to make arrangements. The stake president read the note to the audience without first reading it over. When he got part way through he hesitated but finally completed it. Heman C. Smith arose, pale as a sheet, said there was a standing challenge to debate in Lamoni on conditions that we would give them a counter debate in Salt Lake City, then sat down. Some of their elders were angry with this reply and thought it showed the white feathers. They thought Heman's reply ought to be reconsidered and ended with, 'who's afraid?' but Heman in his three nights seemed to have exhausted all his argument without knowing what we had.

"Our elders came away feeling well satisfied with results from beginning to end. Came away wonderfully strengthened in their testimony of the truth. Two elders were left there for awhile; for it certainly looks like many are disappointed in not finding the promised Prophet Joseph 'mighty and strong.' They seem to be waiting for a chance to repent and do their first works over. Some have never met any elders of the Church before.

"Elbert Smith's report in the *Saints Herald* of our visit is a very tame criticism when we count the many who sought us out and told us how they had been deceived and beaten by coming to Lamoni. One old brother and wife (Stewart by name) who used to be employed by President Young said, 'Brother Brigham appeared to me seven years ago and said, 'Brother Stewart, you have lost by not staying with me. I don't know whether he meant financially or spiritually.' We suggested, 'both, my good brother, both.'

"Many other interesting things we learned about the waning influence of the organization, which we may report later."

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE.

Seventies' Annual Meeting.—The attention of presidents of Seventy is again called to the importance of observing "Seventies' day." In the July number of the ERA for 1908, the following instructions regarding the matter appear under the heading of "Seventies' Council Table:"

It has been decided by the First Council that it would be well to make the first Sunday in November the occasion for a special quorum meeting at which there shall be a thorough consideration of all quorum matters. * * * Among the items of business that shall regularly be attended to shall be the formal presentation of the names of presidents, secretary, treasurer, class teachers and other members of the quorums appointed to special duties in the quorums, for acceptance and approval by vote of the quorum. By settling upon this first Sunday in November, for such a meeting and the transaction of such quorum business as it may be found necessary to attend to, it will enable the secretaries of the quorums, in making their annual reports, which are expected to be in the hands of the general secretary by the 31st of December, to state the fact of the presidents being unanimously sustained or otherwise, in said report. The councils of the respective quorums, therefore, will take notice of this arrangement and set apart the first Sunday in November for the work designated in the foregoing instructions.

In the ERA for November, 1908, the following program is suggested for "Seventies' Day:"

- 1 Opening exercises. Prayer and singing.
- 2 An outline of the manner of the day's exercise by the senior president in attendance, and greeting.
- 3 Review of the past year's work.
- 4 Singing.
- 5 Report of the status of the quorum with reference to class work, quorum finances, and reports of special work by members, foreign missions, ward labors and labors in auxiliary organizations.
- 6 Free and mutual expressions of appreciation between officers of the quorum and quorum members.
- 7 Presentation of the officers of the quorum and members as assigned to special duties.
- 8 Singing.
- 9 Review of incoming year's work and assignment of lessons.
- 10 Testimonies and closing exercises.

This program, with such modifications as changed conditions may make necessary, is again suggested for the monthly quorum meetings of November next.

The change of time in holding Seventies' meetings from Sunday morning to Monday evening will necessarily make a change in the time of holding this annual meeting. There need be no change, however, in the spirit of the occasion, nor in the general character of the meeting. The First Council again feel that the attention of the Seventies should be called to this matter, and that arrangements should be made in the various quorums to make the annual meeting a notable event. The presidents of all the quorums are urged to carry out the instructions herein given; and to hold this meeting on the Monday night, or such other time in November as is set apart for regular quorum meetings. At this meeting let the presidents, and other officers be sustained, and all important matters affecting the general standing and welfare of the respective quorums be discussed. The aim should be to have a time of good fellowship and brotherly love, such as will bring joy into the souls of all who participate.

Duty of the Priesthood in Supporting the Official Organ.—The First Council of Seventy greatly appreciate the convenience and value of the *IMPROVEMENT ERA* as the official organ of the priesthood quorums of the Church. Through the columns of the *ERA* items of instruction can be conveyed to all the quorums, questions can be answered, and the quorums and First Council be kept in close touch with each other. It is hoped that the Councils of the various quorums will also place a proper value upon this splendid medium of communication. Since the *IMPROVEMENT ERA* became the organ of the Seventies quite a number of short articles bearing upon the work of the quorums have appeared. Other contributions containing decisions, counsels and instructions pertaining to the quorum and class work of the Seventy, will appear in the future. Many Seventies are not subscribers for the *ERA*, and will receive no benefit from the items that may appear unless presidents of quorums take time and pains to bring to the attention of the members the instruction thus imparted. Presidents are recommended to have the paragraphs specially bearing upon the work of the Seventy, read in the various classes from month to month, that all may be made acquainted with the counsel given in this manner.

All members of the priesthood should give substantial support to their official organ, because it stands for the upbuilding and improvement of the priesthood quorums. It will contain all important instructions pertaining to priesthood work that the presiding authorities and Priesthood Committee of the Church have to impart hereafter. Its pages teem with wholesome matter explanatory of the work of the Lord, and on every page something will be found of a character to help in the proper education of men. Presidents of Seventy are asked to bring the value of the *ERA* to the attention of all the members of the quorums, and extend every possible effort to obtain a substantial increase in the number of Seventies who subscribe for the magazine. The next number of the *ERA* will be the first of volume thirteen. Now is a most opportune time to work for new subscribers. It is requested that subscriptions taken among the Seventies be sent in through the Mutual Improvement officers. This will help the Mutuels in obtaining

five per cent of the Church population as subscribers as asked for from the Mutual Improvement Associations.

Priesthood Classes May Adjourn Separately.—At a meeting of the general priesthood committee of the Church held in the office of the Presiding Bishopric on Wednesday afternoon, September 1, 1909, the question of all the priesthood classes being brought together at the same hour for closing exercises every Monday night was discussed. In some instances the members of quorums and classes of the Melchizedek priesthood have felt that the time given them for the discussion of lessons has been too short, thereby preventing the brethren from obtaining the full benefit from the lessons that could be derived from a fuller discussion. It was thought that members of the lesser priesthood will in most cases be ready to adjourn their classes at an earlier hour than members of some of higher priesthood quorums. After discussing the question freely, it was the unanimous decision of the committee that the classes of the Melchizedek priesthood should be allowed to determine each class for themselves whether they should reassemble for closing exercises, or adjourn their meetings from their several rooms. In some wards the accommodations are not very good, and the adjourning of class exercises at different hours, might create considerable noise, and be less advantageous than all coming together for dismissal. When it is practicable for classes to adjourn separately without creating undue confusion, there will be no objection on the part of the priesthood committee to such a system being adopted.

This privilege is not to be interpreted as a recommendation for long meetings. Short, spiritual meetings will always prove more interesting and profitable than meetings that are carried on beyond a reasonable time.

The suggestion herein made, is for the purpose of giving to experienced men, and the boys who also belong to the priesthood quorums, an hour for dismissal from class exercises that will be satisfactory to all alike.

When all the quorums in any ward favor a reassembling for closing exercises, such conclusion will in no way conflict with the spirit of the foregoing.

Concentration.—One of the first requisites to success in business is to concentrate one's forces. Robert Hoe had a business precept—"Concentration is the first condition of progress," which he gave as a necessary practice for a business to grow. He added also another formula for growth—"intelligence, tools and infinite pains," and then went on to say that "Ideas make a business." Now this applies also to executive work in religious affairs: a ward will make little progress towards religious growth, without intensifying effort, by getting rid of useless action and routine, thus concentrating power to a purpose. This applies in the same way in our quorum work, and especially in the practical part. Even in our meetings there will be little valuable growth without "concentration, intelligence and infinite pains." Let routine business be done quickly, well, and to the point—one thing at a time. Knowing beforehand what to do tends to intelligent action. There should be no hesitancy, delay or doubt in the mind of the presiding officer. In the hands of the members should be the tools, the books needed

for the work; but the work should not all be done in the class. It is here that the information obtained by infinite pains during the week through prayer and much study, should be considered and concentrated into active intelligence, to become a condition of progress for the whole membership. Here ideas should be brought out—ideas that make the character, the man and the Saint. Concentration, tools and infinite pains result in ideas, intelligence and growth, which in turn develop character, manhood and other necessary conditions of not only temporal but eternal progress.

O'ER ALL GOD BEARETH SWAY.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Deep care and strife and tests of life

Come with passing years;

And oft the smile we nurse awhile

Too soon is lost in tears.

Oft trials strong feast well and long

Upon the heart's frail crest,

Till sun-light kissed, like mountain mists,

Depart they from the breast.

Yet who could think to always drink

From fountains crystal clear!

Or ever stray in sunny May

And see no clouds appear!

Ne'er yet did float, so well-steered boat,

Adown life's surging tide,

That ne'er has struck no ill-turned luck,

No breaker fierce and wild.

Remember this, the sweetest bliss

That oft the heart can know,

Sometimes lies hid 'neath sorrow's lid,

Or coverlets of woe.

Then well we must have faith and trust

In God who guides the way,

Each day and hour, are in his power,

O'er all he beareth sway.

SARAH E. MITTON.

MUTUAL WORK.

CHAIRMEN OF THE COMMITTEES OF THE GENERAL BOARD.

In conformity with the address of the General Superintendency which was adopted at the annual conference of the M. I. A., the General Board has chosen chairmen of the various committees, as suggested in said address, as follows:

1. On Class Study,—Bryant S. Hinckley.
2. On Athletics and Field Sports,—Lyman R. Martineau.
3. Music and Drama,—Oscar W. Kirkham.
4. On Social Affairs,—Junius F. Wells.
5. On Library and Reading,—Dr. George H. Brimhall.
6. On Conferences and Conventions,—Edward H. Anderson.
7. On Missionary Work,—B. F. Grant.
8. On Debates, Contests, and Lectures,—Dr. John A. Widtsoe.
9. Auditing Committee,—Rudger Clawson and Bryant S. Hinckley.

The chairmen of these committees have selected or will soon choose members from the General Board to complete their committees, and are ready to go to work in their various fields of labor. Suggestions from stake and ward officers in regard to the needs of the young people in these various departments of our work will be welcome and will receive careful consideration. Letters should be addressed to the chairmen in care of the General Secretary Y. M. M. I. A., No. 214 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City. We trust that the stake officers in the various stakes of Zion will look into these new labors and make the necessary changes and organization in their associations which will be needed to bring the work up to the best standard among the young people under their jurisdiction. There is a splendid opportunity for initiative work in these fields, and we trust that the officers will carefully consider the conditions, make such recommendations, and initiate such labors, as will tend to active interest among the young people.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD^rH. ANDERSON.

Aaron D. Thatcher.—A brother of Moses Thatcher, died in Logan, Utah, September 8, 1909; he was born in Springfield, Ill., April 25, 1836, and was a pioneer of 1847. He was a pioneer of Cache Valley, where he settled in 1859. He filled three missions, crossed the plains for emigrants three times, served in the Echo canyon war, and assisted in many Indian troubles. In business he was as hard a worker as in Church affairs, and was considered by all who knew him an affectionate father and a big-hearted man.

Peach Day at Brigham.—The annual peach day was observed at Brigham City, August 15. It is estimated that five thousand visitors from a distance partook of the hospitality of the good people of Brigham that day, besides another five thousand from settlements immediately surrounding. A program of exercises, games, sports and pastimes was enjoyed. Peaches were given away without stint, and a little box of samples given to each visitor on the train "to take home." The brass band met the visitors, and with peaches, melons and social cheer, it was altogether a happy event.

Maxim's Noiseless Gun.—In the early part of January last a demonstration was made in New York before some fifty invited guests to prove that the "Silencer" actually does what is claimed for it. The "Silencer" may be attached to any rifle by a simple process, and so make the discharge practically noiseless. It is a bit of steel tubing six inches long, lined with a series of ten pierced disks, so arranged that "while there is a passage for the bullet when discharged, the gases of the powder, which make the noise, by their explosion in the air, when coming out of the muzzle, are caught and discharged, so gradually, that no sound results." The "Silencer" may be attached to any gun by being screwed on the end of the barrel, beyond the sight. Used in an army with smokeless powder, a battle will not only be smokeless, but noiseless as well. Its power to increase the effectiveness and horrors of war is so great that the inventor thinks it will go far toward its prevention.

John C. Sandberg.—John C. Sandberg died at his home in Superior Ward Salt Lake City, on the 28th of July, 1909. He was born in Scone, Sweden,

November 14, 1837, and embraced the gospel August 21, 1865. He spent a number of years as a missionary in his native land after he joined the Church, being traveling elder in Scone conference, and acting as president of the Gottenborg conference during that period. He came to Utah in 1875, and ten years later returned to his native land on a second mission, serving as president of the Gottenborg conference. While he was here he began the publication of *Nordstjarnan*, the Swedish organ of the Latter-day day Saints, which is still published. He was one of the leading members of the Church from that land, a man of splendid faith, fearless and zealous in the cause of God, of a jovial nature, which made him loved by all the young people. He was naturally open-hearted and liberal in all his dealings with his fellow men. He was buried on the first of August, and six brethren who had acted as editors at various times of the paper which he founded, acted as pall-bearers.

The Discovery of the North Pole—With the suddenness of a sensation Dr. Frederick A. Cook, a physician of Brooklyn, announced in early September that he had discovered the North pole. He returned from the Arctic regions by the Danish steamer *Hans Egede*, and had telegraphed from Lerwick that he reached the North pole April 21, 1908. He started north in the summer of 1907, being fitted out by John R. Bradley of New York. He went in a fishing schooner of one hundred and eleven (111) tons, equipped with a gasoline engine. His announcement of the discovery of the Pole was so surprising that at first it was received with some incredulity, and in some places was considered a hoax, but his bearing under the severe examination by the news reporters at Copenhagen, where he landed, rather turned the tide of public opinion in his favor. He was received in the Danish capital with wild enthusiasm, and given a succession of feasts as a compensation for his long period of starvation and loneliness. He was warmly received by the King of Denmark, and by the Danish scientists who expressed their belief in his story. While being dined in Tivoli and garlanded with pink roses, word was received that Commander Robert E. Peary had returned, and had discovered the North Pole on April 6, 1909. It was thus doubly discovered by Americans. This was on the 6th of September, and the news was received from Indian Harbor, Labrador. Dr. Cook expressed his gratification at Peary's triumph, and his confidence that his own statement would now receive corroboration. Dr. Cook cabled to the *New York Herald*, the first full account of his discovery, which account is very interesting, but being copyrighted cannot be used here. His sensations as he stood upon a part of the globe from which it was possible by a step to go from one side of the globe to the opposite side; from mid-day to midnight; and where east and west had vanished, and where it was south in every direction, are referred to. How he stood in an endless field of purple snows, without land, without life, surrounded by a dead world of ice, may well be conjured in the mind. Commander Peary notified his wife that he had succeeded in nailing the Stars and Stripes to the Pole. This was his eighth expedition, in search of the Pole. For twenty-three years he has diligently searched for the goal which he now declares he has reached. He left New York on the

present expedition on July 6, 1908, on the steamer *Roosevelt*. His official declaration of his discovery of the Pole will be looked forward to with great anticipation. Already there is a rivalry between the two discoverers, and some words which are very unpleasant have been said by friends on both sides regarding the other. In any event, however, the United States may claim the honor of discovering the goal which for many ages the civilized nations of the earth had up to this time struggled for in vain.

Curiosities of Southern Utah.—Mrs. F. M. Stanley upon whose father's farm is located the Salt Wash Arch, noticed in the July number, forwards the ERA a corrected description of the arch, stating that it is seventeen miles north of



Rock Settee, Dry Creek, near the Salt Wash Arch.

Moab on Dry Creek, and twenty-five miles from Thomson's Springs, and may be plainly seen from her father's ranch. On the north side of the arch is a high wall of solid rock, with a large opening or window in the side of the wall. The arch is about sixty feet inside from the floor or base to the top, and is thirty feet across on the inside. The foundation on which the arch appears to stand is about ten feet in diameter. The best way to reach the arch is from Thomson's Springs to the ranch of Mr. J. W. Wolf, her father. Mr. Wolf is a war veteran and was eighty-one years old last January, hale and hearty. He was wounded by a bullet in his right leg. The accompanying picture was taken by Mrs. Stanley while

standing under the arch. It represents the "rock settee." The surroundings give a good idea of the appearance of the country thereabout. The writer further states that near her father's ranch are some very beautiful and queer hieroglyphics, and a rock resembling an Indian squaw. The "rock settee" is located in the bottom of Dry Creek.

Tabernacle Choir at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.—On Saturday, Aug. 21, 450 people, the Tabernacle choir and some of their friends, in elegant Pullman sleepers left Salt Lake City for the Seattle Exposition. This company was joined by another car full of people at Ogden. At La Grande, Ore., a concert was held; and a grand reception to the Tabernacle choir was given at Portland. On Thursday the great choir and its friends arrived at Seattle where they met the kindest reception. An unpleasant incident occurred, however, on Saturday, which prevented the choir from singing at the exposition. They were told that they would have to pay seventy-five cents each for admission to hear themselves sing, and if they did not pay, they could not sing, to which the choir replied that they would not sing, and to which decision every Utah person present agreed. The unpleasantness was in no wise with the exposition officials, but only with the exposition committee. The Exposition management treated the Utah people royally, and on Sunday night the climax of the visit occurred when, in connection with Ellery's Italian Band, the choir gave a grand concert in the amphitheatre which was filled with perhaps 20,000 people. Before the concert began every seat was taken. The choir was greeted with roars of shouts and applause as they presented their musical compositions. The "Soldiers Chorus" was especially well received, and three-fourths of the vast multitude stood while they sang. At the close of the concert, the choir struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and as the crowd neither dispersed or ceased their ovation, they sang "America," and following that selection, "How Can I Bear To Leave Thee?"

In speaking of the visit of the choir to the Exposition, Evan Stephens, in an account given in the *Deseret News*, says: "Am I satisfied? I cannot be otherwise. A nicer, more faithful lot of singers never sang together than my two hundred proved to be. Not one absentee at any concert during the trip (only by permission, when we had no room for them.) Soloists and chorus members did everything reasonable, and within their power, to make my labors as conductor, and the one in charge of the artistic side of the tour, successful and pleasant. I have nothing but love and gratitude to them, one and all."

The trip was a delightful outing for many Utah people, and our state was greatly in evidence at the grand fair on the 26th which was Utah day.

Edward Henry Harriman.—"I have come home to get well; I am home to rest for a while." These were among the sentences uttered by Harriman, the Napoleon of Railroads, as he entered the United States some days before his death, after a three-months medical treatment in Germany. He died at his unfinished palatial home in Arden, New York, Sept. 9, 1909. He was born at Hempstead, Long Island, New York, February 25, 1818, and was the son of a poor

minister whose salary amounted to as little as \$200 per annum. Harriman quit school when he was 14 years old, and entered a broker's office. His school reputation was: the worst boy and the smartest of his class. During the first year of his service in the office of the broker he earned \$5 per week, and this amount, mark you, he turned over to his father to keep the family. Harriman was a boy's man. He unbent to children, and when a man loves children, he can not be all bad, and was at the head of a boys' combined gymnasium club and debating society for more than 25 years. At his home he frequently loaded his automobile with little ones and took them for a spin about the countryside. Here, in the country, he was as God made him; but when doing business in the great city, he was as Wall street made him. Harriman was a great constructive genius. He took the Union Pacific Railway, just after the western boom of 1890, when it was run down and bankrupt, and going over the line saw its possibilities. Then with courage and energy he spent millions in making it safe and straight from Omaha to Ogden. Later he bridged the Great Salt Lake and so erected a monument in Utah to his daring, unequalled in this or any other land. His achievements at the Salton sea are fresh in the memory of all. Though a New York man, with great grasp of things he saw America from the western viewpoint, as well as from the eastern; and had such faith in the west that he clearly beheld its possibilities for empire building, and threw his wonderful energies to meet the matchless growth that has practically only begun. His railroads were not only made fit to meet the demands of this growth, but were improved and made instruments therein. Whatever may be said of his methods of thinking in millions, dealing in systems, and his audacity to plan and execute great undertakings, on small capital, his mighty work on the Pacific empire, on land and sea, will continue to fire the imagination and command respect. He is said to have controlled 18,000 miles of railroad, enough to run six lines across the continent, that employed 80,000 men; and he directed 54,000 miles of steamship lines. One could go from New York to Hongkong without leaving the Harriman system and return nearly all the way by another route on his lines also. It would take a page to enumerate his directorships, and he generally controlled whatever he touched, illustrating the good business principle never to take stock in any concern that you can not control or have a strong influence in its management. He owned 35,000 acres near Arden overlooking Tuxedo Park, and it was here he was building a great castle, unequalled in America, where he hoped to spend his last days, when death came to frustrate his still unfinished plans. He was buried at Arden on Sept. 16, and for one minute at a certain time on that day every railroad train on his vast system stood still in his honor. The *Deseret News* building where the Oregon Short Line officers are located, was draped in black. This road was a leading factor in making him the greatest railway power this country has ever known. For his wonderful ability, displayed as a builder and organizer, and not for the hundred million dollars he amassed, and left to his wife, history will long remember him.

Moses Thatcher.—On Saturday, August 21, 1909, Hon. Moses Thatcher died at his home in Logan City, Utah. He was born in Sangamon county, Illinois

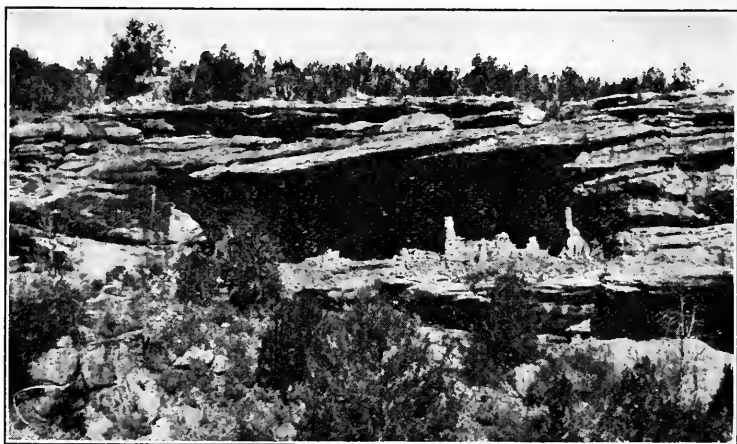
February 2, 1842. His childhood was spent in Nauvoo during the troubles between the Latter-day Saints and the mobs in that city and surroundings. With his father, Hezekiah Thatcher, he crossed the plains in 1847. They did not settle in Utah, but went to California during the rush for gold in the days of 1849. The family settled in Yolo county, California, where they engaged in cattle-raising and in searching for the precious metal. His father kept an eating house in a small mining camp, and through the influence of some "Mormon" elders he was baptized into the Church in 1856, and in the year following was ordained an elder and sent out to preach through the mining districts in the vicinity of Auburn. It was about this time that Johnston's army came to Utah, and all the Saints were called home. The Thatchers, with others, set out for Utah, Moses and his four brothers with them. The brothers joined the Utah militia, and Moses served as night-guard on the special police force of Salt Lake. In the winter of 1860, he joined his father who came out from California in the meantime to his sons in Utah, and became a pioneer of Cache valley, where Moses lived almost continuously the remainder of his life. In 1861 he attended the University of Deseret, now Utah, and in the summer of that year married Miss Lettie Farr, a niece of the late Lorin Farr, the first mayor of Ogden. From 1861 until recent years he was identified with the religious and political history of the community, being a zealous worker for the Church. He was ordained a Seventy by President Brigham Young in 1861. In the protection of the settlements of Cache from Indians, he served as a "minute man" in the company of Captain Thomas E. Ricks, and when later the county was organized into the Cache Military district he became a captain of a company of fifty cavalymen, and afterward served on the staffs of Colonel Ricks and General Hyde. He served a short time as an employee in a mercantile house in Salt Lake, but soon returned to Logan and became associated with his father in the mercantile business under the firm name of Thatcher & Son. He went to Salt Lake City in 1862 to learn telegraphy, but shortly thereafter was sent to Europe on a mission. After two years he returned and re-entered the mercantile business in Logan, and became manager of the co-op. institution there, which was afterwards merged with Z. C. M. I., becoming the Logan branch, of which Moses Thatcher continued manager until 1879.

In 1870 he was elected a director of the Utah Northern Railway which company built the road from Ogden to Logan. He later became superintendent of the line, and while acting in that capacity built lines into Idaho. For ten years he represented Cache and Rich Counties in the Territorial Legislature and later advocated statehood for Utah, laboring diligently to secure the admission of our state into the Union. In 1895-6 he took an active part in Democratic politics, being at that time the choice of his party in convention for United States Senator. At about this time a difference of opinion arose between him and the Quorum of the Twelve, on politics and other affairs, and at the April Conference, in 1896, he was not sustained as a member of his quorum to which he had been selected and ordained April 9, 1879, by President John Taylor. In the fall of the same year he was candidate for United States Senator from Utah but was defeated; but

again tendered the nomination by a majority of the legislature, in 1898, which he declined to accept.

Since that time he had not been active in public life. His health has been poor and he devoted his entire time to his business interests in Logan where he was president of the Thatcher Brothers Bank and the Utah Farmers Loan Association, and president and manager of the Thatcher Milling and Elevator Company. When the Cache Valley Stake of the Church was organized, in 1877, he was chosen president of the stake and held that position and the confidence of the people until in 1879, when he was chosen a member of the Quorum of Twelve. While a member of that Quorum he pioneered the first party of "Mormon" missionaries into the republic of Mexico where, under his leadership, prominent colonies have been established, and continued until the present. In all he made twenty-three visits to Mexico during the seventeen years that he acted in the quorum of the Apostles, traveling on an average of 18,000 miles a year.

Moses Thatcher was dearly beloved by the people of Cache valley and generally respected and admired throughout Utah and the intermountain country. He acted for many years as assistant superintendent in the General Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. He possessed marked talent as a writer and speaker. His writings on "Confidence" and "Mexico and the Mexicans" which appeared in the early volumes of the *Contributor* are fine examples of his ability to produce good literature. His action in accepting the decision of his brethren, by which he retained his membership in the Church but was dropped from all activity in the priesthood, goes far to prove that he dearly valued that membership; for, while he accepted the decision, it is evident he was never reconciled to it.



Exterior of a Cliff Dwelling, near Grayson, San Juan Co., Utah.

A GOOD BOOK IS LIKE A GOOD NAME—BETTER THAN RICHES

IMPROVEMENT ERA

ORGAN OF THE
PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS AND OF THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

VOLUME TWELVE.

PUBLISHED BY THE GENERAL BOARD M. I. A.

"What you young people want, is a magazine that will make a book to be bound and kept, with something in it worth keeping."—*Prest. John Taylor*

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HEBER J. GRANT, MANAGER
Salt Lake City, 1909

“The Glory of God is Intelligence.”

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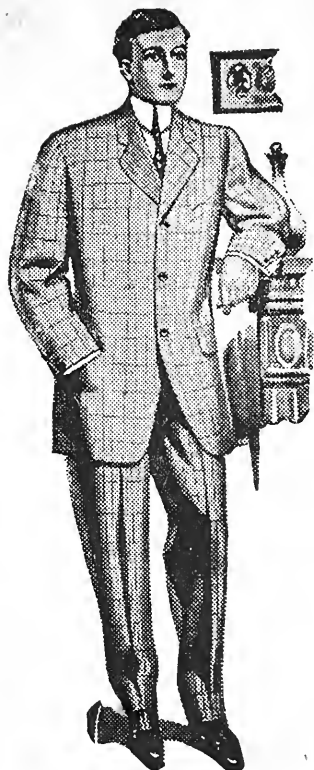
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